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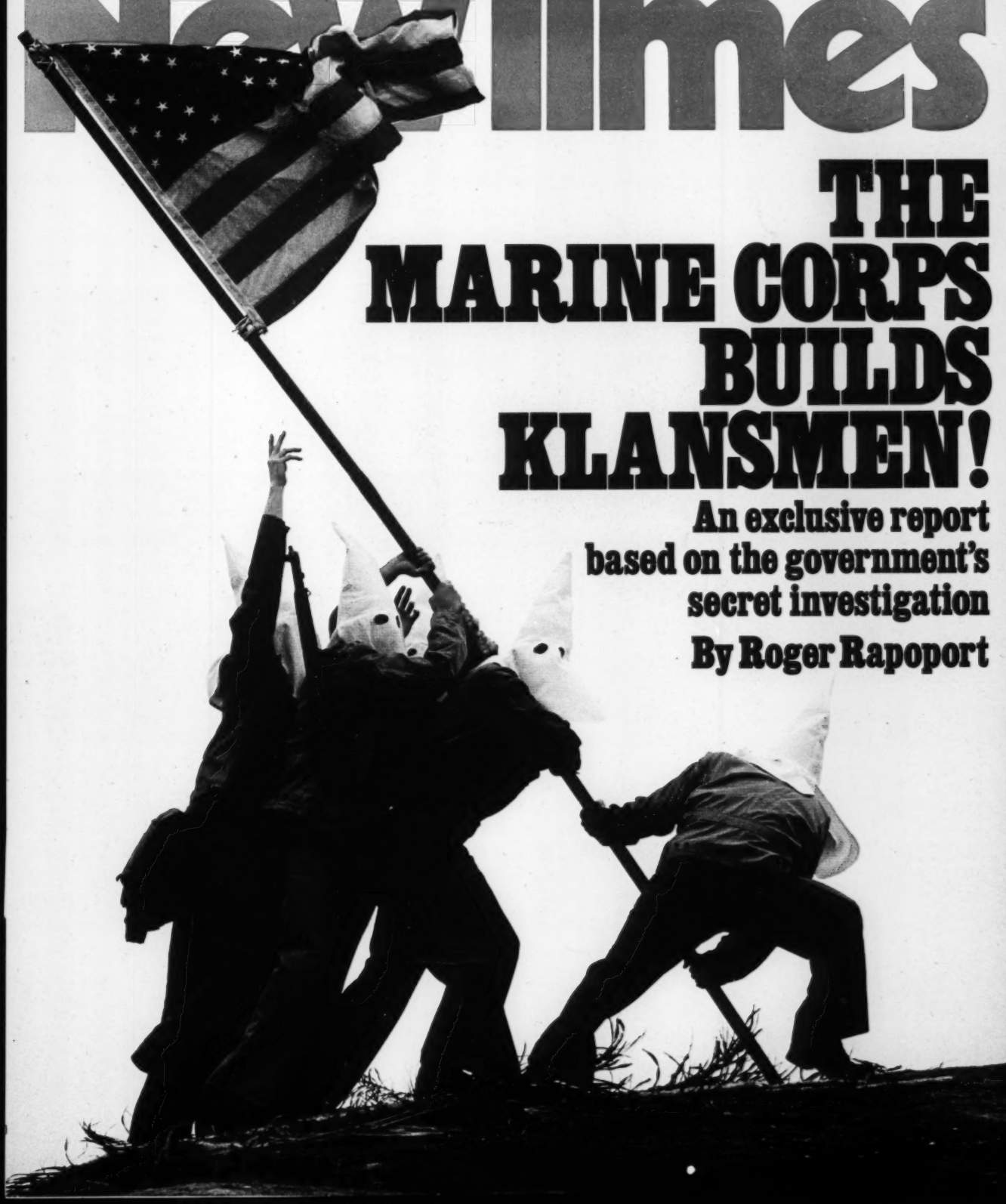

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An exclusive report based on the government's secret investigation

By Roger Rapoport

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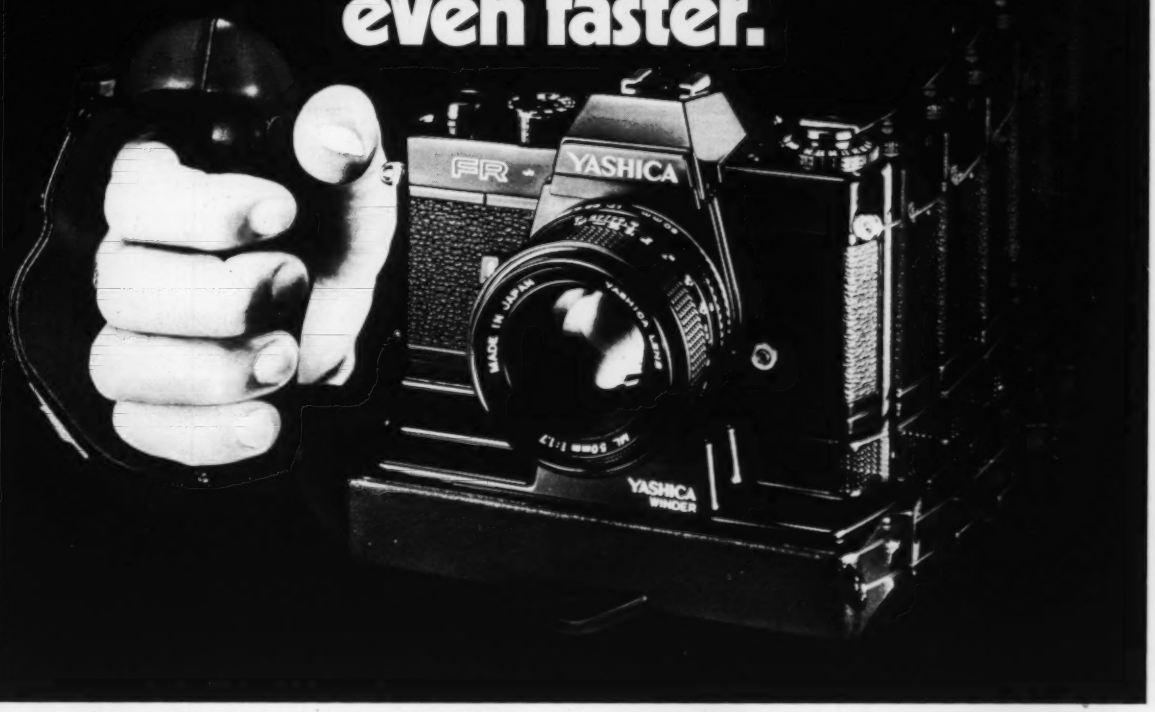

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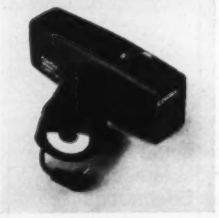

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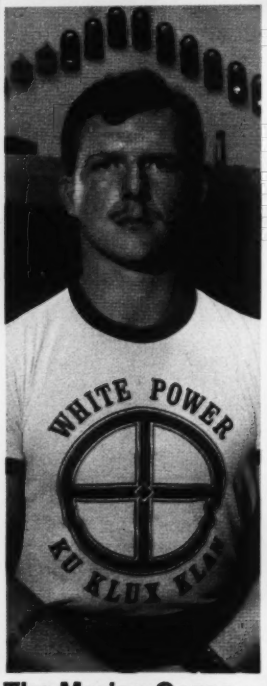

The Marine Corps builds Klansmen

Look beyond the burning cross, under the sheets, and you may very well find some leathernecks.

By Roger Rapoport

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Party Lines

The GOP and Carter/By Robert Shrum

"Maybe the best thing for the Republican party would be death with dignity," says John Deardourff, whose television commercials almost reelected Gerald Ford in 1976. Deardourff, to paraphrase his own hit campaign tune, is *not* feeling good about the GOP.

In fact, Jimmy Carter is scaring the residual hope out of most Republican strategists. An associate of Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker complains: "We can quibble over details, but we don't really know how to go after this Administration. We'd probably be doing a lot of the same things." Such as: cutting the deficit to balance the budget by 1980, postponing health care and welfare reform, pushing for business tax credits, raising natural gas prices and talking tough to the Russians. In a postelection memo to Carter, pollster Pat Caddell advised him to "steal" traditional Republican issues. Deardourff thinks Carter has done it already: "He's preempted the political spectrum all the way rightward to Baker." Reagan adviser David Keene frets that Carter may have penetrated even farther along the Republican line. Keene cites a recent *New York Times*–CBS News survey reporting that voters rate the President as more conservative than they had originally perceived. Former Nixon speechwriter Pat Buchanan and *National Review* publisher William Rusher both have had very kind words for the Administration. Indeed, Rusher has been described as "enthusiastic."

Carter's successful incursion is partly a result of the Republicans having surrendered their moderate ground virtually without a struggle. "The party does not present Carter with an across-the-board challenge," mourns Deardourff, the media maker for a fading band of moderate GOP stars. "All Carter has to worry about from the Republicans is a conservative nominee. He has all kinds of flexibility." As Carter moves right, the Republicans can hardly expect to pick up liberal support. An Administration source suggests that the President "doesn't have to pay much attention to the unions, the blacks and the women. They don't have anywhere else to go."

"Attracting blacks to the Republican party," Deardourff says, "would be a 15- or 25-year proposition." He derides the National Committee's notion of winning black support primarily by running black candidates. "Why would any self-respecting black anywhere want to run for office as a Republican?" he asks.

For most blacks, a Republican vote now may be a near impossibility. But for some other Democrats, the Republican option is merely improbable. The potential was there in 1976: Robert Teeter's polls for the Ford campaign showed, in the words of one GOP strategist, that "moderate liberals who viscerally disliked Carter would go for Ford if convinced that it wouldn't mean a completely conservative Administration for four years. But unfortunately we had a stereotyped Republican ticket of two small-town conservatives."

In 1980, disgruntled Democrats are just as unlikely to find a compatible refuge within the GOP: the ticket probably will be even more conservative. Deardourff predicts that the battle for the nomination will come down to Reagan, Connally and Baker, with an outside chance for Ford. "Given this primary system," he says, "a candidate has to be willing to spend two full-time years. I don't see any moderate Republican ready to do it. His chances wouldn't be too good anyway."

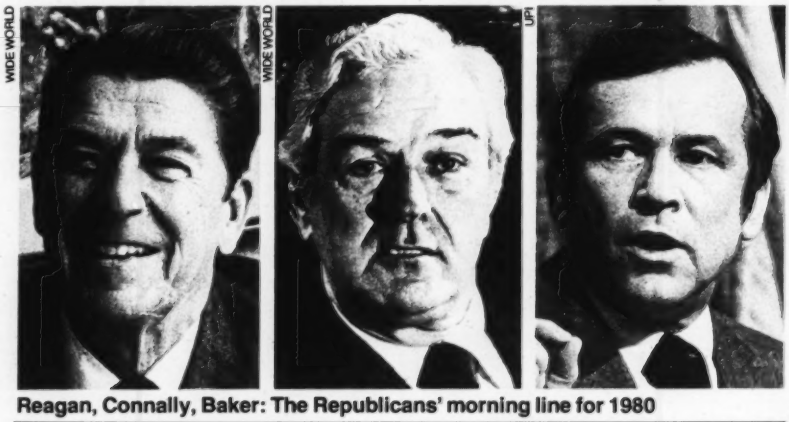
Howard Baker flirts occasionally with the Republican left—which is not far off center. Recently he was the keynote speaker at the annual dinner of the Ripon Society, a remnant of early Nelson Rockefeller liberalism. Yet Baker, according to a close ally, is determined to stay to Carter's right.

Illinois Senator Charles Percy, if he were a serious contender, might force the President to move left, at least a little. "He would consciously go after Democrats," a Senate colleague predicts. "He gets half the union vote in Illinois." But Percy, who mounted a preliminary effort for 1976 before Nixon's resignation and Ford's succession, now assumes that the Republican nomination is beyond his reach—or that of any quasi-liberal or moderate.

Deardourff argues that it is becoming harder to nominate moderates even for state offices. He ticks off a list of states where he believes Republican governors could be elected next year; but in most of them, he adds, "they will have to be moderates to win the general election. The question is whether moderates can survive their own party's selection process."

The narrowing of the Republican party could limit or destroy its most significant role in national politics. For a generation, the GOP, a permanent minority in Congress, has functioned as stand-by equipment for the presidency. Twice, when Democratic presidents have stumbled—Harry Truman over Korea and corruption, Lyndon Johnson over Vietnam and domestic disruptions—the GOP has provided centrist alternatives. Yet it is doubtful that a Republican convention today would pick an Eisenhower instead of a Taft.

For Carter, this could be a two-edged sword. He could encompass a vast majority of the electoral spectrum, trouncing a reactionary in 1980. Or presidential politics could become more like Southern politics, in which the easy formality of a general election follows only after a hard primary battle.



Reagan, Connally, Baker: The Republicans' morning line for 1980

Deardourff believes that "Carter could become quite vulnerable within his own party." For while the President's lean to the right overshadows the Republicans, it also lays the basis for a liberal Democratic opposition. Caddell sees California Governor Jerry Brown as the most serious threat. He fears that Brown could be the Jimmy Carter of 1980—an outsider without the burden of a record on national issues, free to adapt himself to the mood of the year. While dismissing Edward Kennedy, George McGovern, Mo Udall and their liberalism as "anachronistic," Caddell has warned the President that they may have "an overwhelming desire" to challenge him.

In fact, Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey have been sharply if privately critical of Carter's economic conservatism. At the Americans for Democratic Action Convention in early May, McGovern broke the liberals' public silence; he charged the Administration with "business appeasement," saying: "In reviewing economic policy this spring, it sometimes seems difficult to remember who won last fall." McGovern even quoted his old foe George Meany, who earlier had blasted these same policies as "shameful."

If their forebodings are correct, it could lead to some fine irony in 1980, when the Republican right conceivably might succeed through the failure of its own economic principles in the hands of a Democratic President. Deardourff speculates: "I keep insisting there's no way a doctrinaire conservative could be elected. But what if the economy is in bad shape? With people becoming more selfish and turned in on themselves, maybe a Reagan would look better and better." Last fall, Robert Teeter's polls showed that Ford's appeal declined in tandem with the economy; in the weeks just before the election, as unemployment inched back up, the candidate's momentum perceptibly slowed down.

But Jimmy Carter has his polls, too, and he reads faster than Ford. He will not imprison himself in any policy. He can turn right to co-opt the conservatives and return left to leave his Democratic critics without a cause. For now, Caddell has told him, inflation rather than unemployment is the number one issue. About a year before the primaries, Carter will have to choose finally: it will take that long for the effects of new measures to move through the economy. In the meantime, he may realign the forces and the forms of national politics. He is, as Deardourff says, "a President with vast popularity, but no special constituency." So he is borrowing everyone else's.●

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WILLIAM MORROW

Dollar Signs

Up, up and away: the U.S. debt/ By A. Gallatin

Conservation, that's the watchword of the day. Jimmy Carter says it will get us through our next few lifetimes. Dim, dim the lights. Get a horse. George Washington made do without a snowmobile, so can you.

Carter's energy program purportedly is going to save everything from watts to the Western world—everything, that is, except money. His budget director, Bert Lance, estimates that the program will add from $1.2 billion to $2.6 billion to the 1978 federal deficit, give or take a few hundred bucks. Not to worry, though. "This doesn't change our determination to balance the budget," says Mr. Lance.

Actually, he doesn't stress the point much anymore. Neither does his boss. Call it the law of diminishing determination. "Balanced budget" is a watchword reserved for election years. Besides, one might ask, what's wrong with a federal deficit—it's the American way. Haven't we always had one?

Well, no, we really haven't. In 1800, the federal budget outlay was $11 million, the tax burden was $2 per individual, and the national debt, after a long and laborious Revolutionary War, was $83 million. The federal budget was in surplus.

By 1900, the national budget had soared to $521 million, the per capita tax burden to $7, the total national debt to $1.4 billion. The budget, however, was still in surplus.

Jump forward now to the current fiscal year that ends in October 1977: The budget outlay will be $422 billion, the per capita tax burden almost $2,000. The national debt is headed toward $750 billion. And the budget is in deficit almost *$70 billion*.

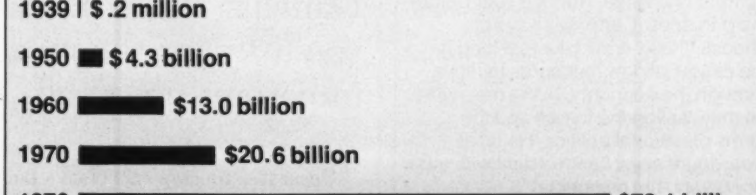
It took, in other words, a century and a half, from 1800 to 1950, for the national government to accumulate its first $250 billion of debt. In the subsequent three decades (1950–1980), the U.S. Treasury will have more than tripled the level of debt accumulated in the previous 150 years.

What is the meaning of this crescendo of rising federal taxes and treasury debt? Does the level of national debt imply a loss of national independence, just as a growing personal debt to one's banker naturally suggests one's increasing dependence upon him? Or is Nobel Prize winner Paul Samuelson correct when he says that any analogies between household debt, business debt and municipal debt, on the one hand, and federal government debt, on the other, are wholly inappropriate?

Understand, to begin with, that the rising level of treasury debt represents only the accumulated cash deficit of the government in Washington. It has nothing to do with the debt of the state governments, the municipal governments, or the various government agencies within them, like sewer authorities and school districts. In a word, the federal budget deficit is simply what the politicians in Washington spend over and above the taxes they collect from us in cash—per capita federal taxes that have almost doubled since 1970.

The U.S. government has spent more than it taxes in every year but one since 1965. In the three short years from 1976 to 1978, the federal government will increase its debt more than in the three decades from 1945 to 1975. And keep in mind that those three decades were the years of the Korean War, the Vietnam catastrophe and the big-spending years of the New Frontier and the Great Society. (If, by the way, GOP Chairman Bill Brock and others suggest that the solution to our national debt and deficit problem is a prudent Republican president, it should be recalled that under Nixon and Ford we experienced only one year of minimal treasury surplus and seven years of huge deficits. The

Estimated Foreign Ownership of Public Debt Securities



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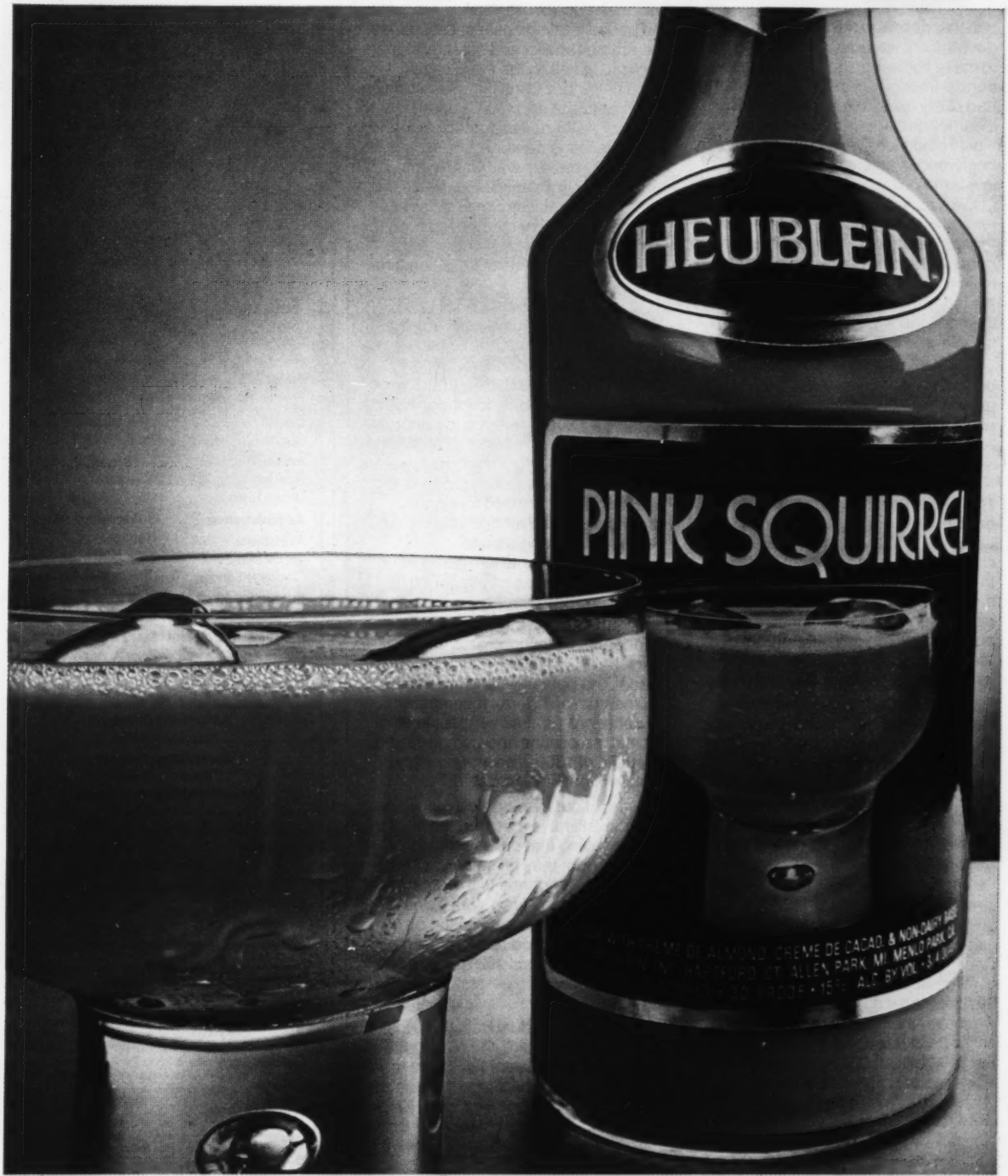

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combined deficits of the Nixon-Ford years were approximately five times the deficit of the Kennedy-Johnson years.)

The rate of increase in the national debt and the speed with which government spending is rising led me to make some inquiries about these trends among informed circles, where I had every reason to expect clearheaded answers. However, from what I could learn at academic conferences and at policy-making levels in Washington, politicians today (as well as some fashionable university and government economists) seem to regard the national debt as a national good. In their computer models, they have reduced the federal budget and the federal debt to abstractions that are manipulated without regard to the people who are paying the bills.

Who does pay the service bill on our colossal national debt? Who is paying the interest on the promissory notes that our government issues to its bankers? Who will repay this debt when the notes and bonds mature?

Consider the following facts. The interest charge on the national debt in 1968 was $15.4 billion. In January 1977, the annual interest charge on the national debt had risen to $40.7 billion. The interest alone on the federal debt is now almost 40 percent of our entire national defense budget, that is to say, 40 percent of all the money spent on the Western world's largest military establishment.

It is bad enough that middle-class American taxpayers are working to pay interest to rich American taxpayers, who own much of the national debt in the form of treasury bonds, government securities and the like. But that is not the worst of it. Consider a few, not very well-known, statistics:

During the past three decades, foreign ownership of the U.S. government debt has risen exponentially from a paltry $200,000 in December 1939 to over *$100 billion* as of December 1976. Eighty percent of this debt is readily marketable whenever these foreign governments and individuals choose to cash in. Of the $100 billion, $22 billion is in so-called nonmarketable securities owned by foreign governments. In a word, one-sixth of our entire national debt is now held by non-Americans.

It was precisely this process of increasing foreign indebtedness that accompanied the drawn-out disintegration of the British Empire. Though some revolutionaries may gloat over the demise of an Imperial England, we should not ignore the *causes* of England's decline. Indeed, it was no more than four months ago that the International Monetary Fund rescued once again the collapsing British pound with a $4 billion loan.

More important than its collapse was the cause of the pound's decline: the pound sterling collapsed because the Arab oil sheiks and other foreigners decided to sell on the market their huge holdings of British government debt securities and sterling cash balances—for dollars, marks, yen and Swiss francs; a century of British budgetary deficits was what inspired this loss of confidence. As a result, the once glorious British Empire was prostrate before her former vassals, the Middle Eastern oil bankers, now the owners of much of the English national debt.

The inescapable point is, of course, that America, too, is quietly losing her independence to her unnamed foreign bankers. Not only are we transferring the hard-earned taxes of our working people to foreigners, in order to pay the interest and principal payments on the national debt that the foreigners own; more important, we are transferring an even larger part of the total debt itself to these foreign creditors. We are mortgaging the Republic to strangers and governments over whom we have no control, and whose loyalty, when it counts, we can never be sure of.

In the long run, then, the nice academic distinctions between personal debt and national debt are inane. The pervasive and irresistible momentum of federal government expenditures should suggest to all of us that the pristine and unmortgaged republic of 1800 is an increasingly insolvent and illiquid debtor.

Yet our leading politicians and economists have mesmerized all of us into believing that our escalating national debt may be safely ignored, despite the evidence to the contrary of England—and of New York. Even a cursory look at the debilitation of almost any debt-ridden institution or individual suggests that growing personal debts mean loss of personal freedom.

If an individual becomes increasingly beholden to his creditors because his debts are rising faster than his income, he loses his capacity to act without consulting his bankers. If a national government spends more than it taxes (and if it borrows the shortfall from its own rich citizens and rich foreigners), the nation not only impoverishes its working people by taxing them to pay the interest, but such a nation will ultimately forfeit its sovereignty. Debt-ridden citizens increasingly lose their freedom and their self-esteem. Debt-ridden nations lose their sovereign independence.●

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The Insider

Schiller Opts for Gilmortality/Scalping Justice in Ventura County

Politics

Ian Smith wouldn't mind

Another presidential appointee has a problem with his private clubs. Philip Alston, Atlanta lawyer and Carter fund raiser who's been appointed Ambassador to Australia, has promised to quit his clubs, which exclude Jews and blacks, if the Australians are offended. No one's asked about Americans.

Stepping out and up

The long-standing rumor that congressional liaison Frank Moore will leave his job (first heard before inauguration) has resurfaced around the White House staff and looks more like fact every day. Moore has had more public trouble with his job than any Carter aide—to the point where Senate Majority Leader Byrd wrote the President in March to assail the awful state of congressional relations.

Still, as one White House staffer says, "Jimmy likes him and really owes him." So if Moore *does* leave his present job, he'll probably be going not only out, but up—to some Administration job with a title at least as nice as the one he now has.

Department of E

President Carter pledged during the campaign to set up a separate Department of Education. He reiterated the promise recently, but Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Joseph Califano, protecting a third of his turf, is organizing bureaucratic opposition to any such move. Already on his side are planners in the Office of Management and Budget, concerned that an independent Education Department might command more appropriations.

I should care

Somebody must care about this: The Sans Souci (say people who ought to know, maybe) is out as the In Restaurant for the Carter White House. Anyone who wants to watch the powerful at noontime can spot them in the dining room of the stately old Hay-Adams Hotel across Lafayette Square from the White House.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEAN A. RESMAN

Dr. Thompson: "Mutants!" he cried

HST drops bomb

Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, who has to carry on his conscience the weight of one of the first and most widely-quoted endorsements of Jimmy Carter, now calls it "the ugliest thing I've ever put in print." Speaking at Harvard Law School ("This place could be Las Vegas—it's all just one big horrible zoo"), Thompson bludgeoned his audience ("a seething rabble") and his President.

Carter now is in Thompson's eyes "one of the three meanest men I've ever met." The other two? Sipping from straight bourbon, Thompson glared out from under his fishing hat, through his sunglasses: "Sonny Barger [a Hell's Angel leader now serving a prison sentence] and Muhammad Ali." He shook his head. "That's a trio. I think Carter's capable of doing anything."

Thompson also characterized other Washington types, like columnists Evans and Novak ("Hopeless . . . pathological liars . . ."), and named the only three reporters he trusts (David Broder, Jules Witcover and Jack Germond). "All lawyers should be castrated and all law schools burnt to the ground," he told his audience. And women lawyers? "They're mutants, clones of some kind!" he shouted. Standing in the wings, desperately trying to get the Teiresian figure off, was his law forum host, Richard Goodwin, who tried an almost sure-fire carrot-and-stick ploy. "Richard Nixon is on the phone and he won't take no for an answer," screamed Goodwin. Dazedly, Thompson looked his way. Even the seriously twisted, however, know which dementia to trust. The doctor didn't budge. —*Joseph W. Dalton*

Simple justice

After Gerald Preiser, president of the Federation of Greater New York Rifle and Pistol Clubs, offered a $200 award to victims of robberies and assaults who killed their attackers, most politicians scrambled to attack him. But not State Senator Edwyn E. Mason, a rifle and pistol owner himself. He announced he planned to introduce legislation allowing the state to give "Courageous Citizens Awards," such as the one Preiser gave 67-year-old

UPI

Senator Mason: Kill the bums

Zygmunt Soroka (who shot and wounded a mugger). "The more hold-up men shot and killed the better," Mason told us. "It's far more economical to shoot them than to put them in prison." When asked about due process, Mason said, "You kill a mad dog, so if a criminal tries to hold you up and you shoot him down, there's no question of morality. Call it vigilantism, I don't give a damn what you call it. The criminal situation is so desperate that the citizens of this state and nation have got to start taking drastic steps." If only Richard Nixon needed another vice-president.

—Joseph B. Treaster

The Word

Gary!

When word spread that Lawrence Schiller, keeper of the Gilmore flame, had gone with Norman Mailer to Oregon State Penitentiary, where Gilmore had done time before his murder arrest in Utah, rumors floated that they were collaborating on a book telling Gary's story..

Not so, says Schiller: Mailer was working on a book of his own on American violence. Nevertheless, Schiller *does* have a collaboration going. He plans to bring Gilmore to Broadway in a play that he'll write with a "very famous, Tony Award-winning playwright" whom he wouldn't name ("I have to save something for *New York*"). The play will be based on the April *Playboy* interview that Schiller and Barry Farrell did with the condemned prisoner and it'll hit New York boards next fall. Some two years after that, on Schiller's timetable, he'll finally come out with The Book. He's not saying whether he'll go solo or find yet another professional spouse.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VINNIE FISH/BLACK STAR

Schiller: Where's Hammerstein?

PHOTOGRAPH © JILL KREMENTZ

Wunderkinds: Martin Charnin and the seven toasts of NYC

The Insider Interview: Martin Charnin

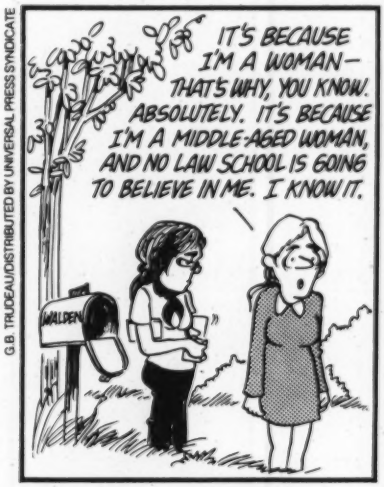
In New York, the toughest ticket on Broadway besides *A Chorus Line* is a new musical called *Annie*. Mike Nichols, its producer, characterized it as "Gigantic!" Earl Wilson tipped readers in his B'way column that the show will run into 1982, at least. Foremost among its progenitors is Martin Charnin, who wrote its lyrics and also directed it from its Goodspeed Opera House beginnings. Charnin understands how victory can have a thousand fathers and still be an orphan.

He saw his first show (*Pal Joey*) in 1941 when he was six, was a *West Side Story* Jet during the fifties and says now happily that "I may have set the musical theater back 50 years." One song in *Annie*, an anthem called "N.Y.C.," came to Charnin during the city's fiscal crisis. "I was sitting at my desk, staring at a subway token and then . . . ." One Brooklyn congressman already has offered to pick up the song for his own uses; Charnin, as plucky as his heroine, turned it down. He is also as resourceful as his heroine—he's allowed the show's song "Tomorrow" to be recorded by the Carpenters and by Johnny Mathis. "It'll be a standard," says Charnin. "A *major* standard."

"I think I'm a terrific lyricist," says Charnin, who has caught it for rhyming "sorrow" and "tomorrow." "But I'm not a fancy lyricist," he admits. His favorite Mr. Words model is Ira Gershwin and his favorite Gershwin lyrics are the ones he thinks are emblematic of *Annie*: "They All Laughed." Charnin can't understand the cries of investors concerning the difficulty of putting up $800,000 for a musical like his. "It's the same cost as a TV pilot," he says. He also says that people are starting to ask him whether he's got any old notes in his desk drawer he'd like to take out and discuss.

No phony for Joanie

After the years of sweat and trauma that *Doonesbury*'s Joanie Caucus has put into her legal training,


IT'S BECAUSE I'M A WOMAN— THAT'S WHY, YOU KNOW. ABSOLUTELY. IT'S BECAUSE I'M A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, AND NO LAW SCHOOL IS GOING TO BELIEVE IN ME. I KNOW IT.
WALDEN

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Joanie Caucus: To Hale & Dorr?

how could anybody call the University of California's award to her of a law degree *honorary*? If anyone deserves it . . .

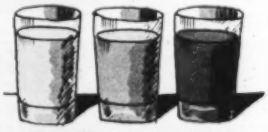
Garry Trudeau has agreed to speak at her May 21 J.D. ceremony in Berkeley and Rick Redfern no doubt will have to cover it for *People* magazine.

RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.



Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

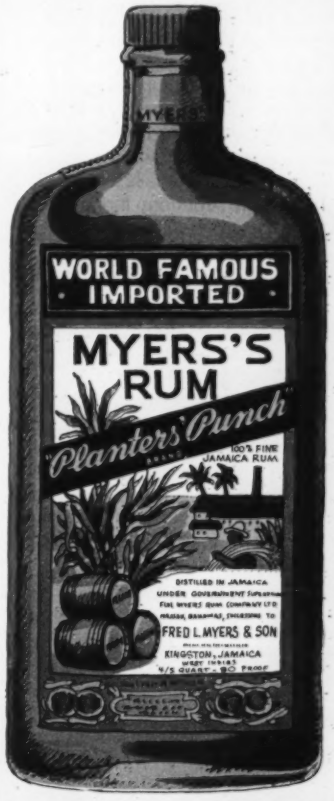
More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's

made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The

extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled



with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.

Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way

to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

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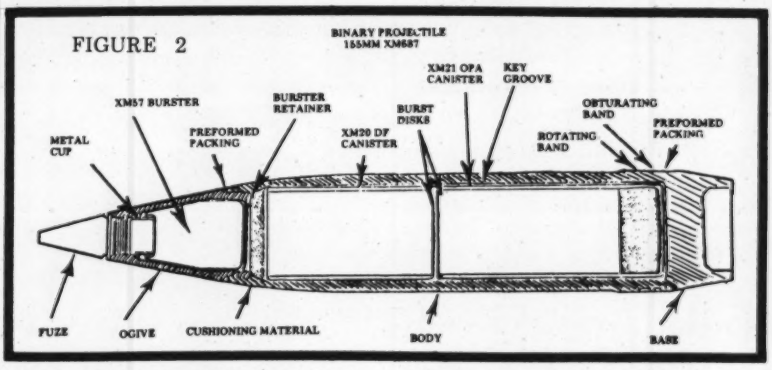
Seventies

Ghastly comeback

The great green clouds that left fields of choking soldiers in World War I supposedly marked the end of lethal gas in the vocabulary of American warfare. The little model in the diagram above proves differently. This "binary" bomb encases separated housing for chemicals—one acid, the other alcohol. When the bomb is fired, the membrane dividing the chemicals ruptures and the components combine into nerve gas.

No binary bombs have yet been produced, but the House Armed Forces Subcommittee on Research and Development spends nearly $6 million a year on planning. The excuse: preparedness. Also the proud explanation in Army weapons literature that "during World War I, chemical weapons proved to be four times as effective in producing nonfatal battlefield casualties as high-explosive weapons." The binary bomb would not necessarily kill its victims; a kindlier device, it paralyzes their motor capacities permanently.

—Paula DiPerna



California massacre

October 10, 1974. Two Indians named Marvin Redshirt and Marcella Eaglestaff—along with Holly Broussard, the white, teenaged daughter of a high-society retired naval commander—left the home of actor David Carradine following a heavy drinking bout. They called a cab to take them back to American Indian Movement Camp 13 in the rugged canyons outside Los Angeles.

Several hours later, the body of the cab driver, George Aird, was found near the camp stuffed in a drainpipe. He'd been beaten and stabbed 17 times. An effort had been made to shear off some of his hair, raising the specter of an Indian scalping attack from the Old West. Arrested at the time, all spattered with blood, Redshirt, Eaglestaff and Broussard seemed to be ready for an open and shut case. Today the three cab riders are free, and the charges against them have either been dropped or reduced. In their stead, and because of their testimony, American Indian Movement organizers Paul Skyhorse and Richard Mohawk have been arrested and accused of committing the atrocity. The case is loaded with politics.

Skyhorse and Mohawk's lawyers, led by veteran defender Leonard Weinglass, claim their clients are targets of political persecution; they infer—without real proof—that Redshirt, the only witness who actually claims to have seen the AIM organizers stab Aird, may have been an FBI informer. Their suspicion is basically grounded on the long record of G-men infiltrators of the American Indian Movement, and on the fact that an admitted FBI informer named Virginia Deluce—operating under the assumed Indian name Bluedove—took Skyhorse and Mohawk to a Los Angeles AIM rally the very day of the murder. Pictures taken at that rally were the ones used to identify Skyhorse and Mohawk when they were arrested in Phoenix.

Once Skyhorse and Mohawk got to jail, Ventura County deputies charged the men with precipitating

Mohawk and Skyhorse: Arrested for scalping Aird

over 100 violent incidents. One report claimed the Indians cut a prison guard's hand with porcelain, requiring 24 stitches; the prisoners claim they were subsequently beat up. When Defense Attorney Andrew Marsh came in the next day, he found the allegedly injured deputy with little more than a Band-Aid. "After that," Marsh says, "I really couldn't believe anything [prison officials] told me." Skyhorse and Mohawk had their trial delayed five days while they went in for special hospital tests.

Despite the insistence of Ventura County Deputy D.A. Peter Kossoris that "it's just another murder case," local papers say that the Prosecutor's Office has allocated $1.5 million for the investigation and trial. The defense finally got a change of venue after the Ventura County Bar Association put on its comedy skit "The People vs. Tonto." The trial was moved to Los Angeles. It's scheduled to start there May 23.

—Dan Blackburn and Joel Kotkin

Taking Care of Business

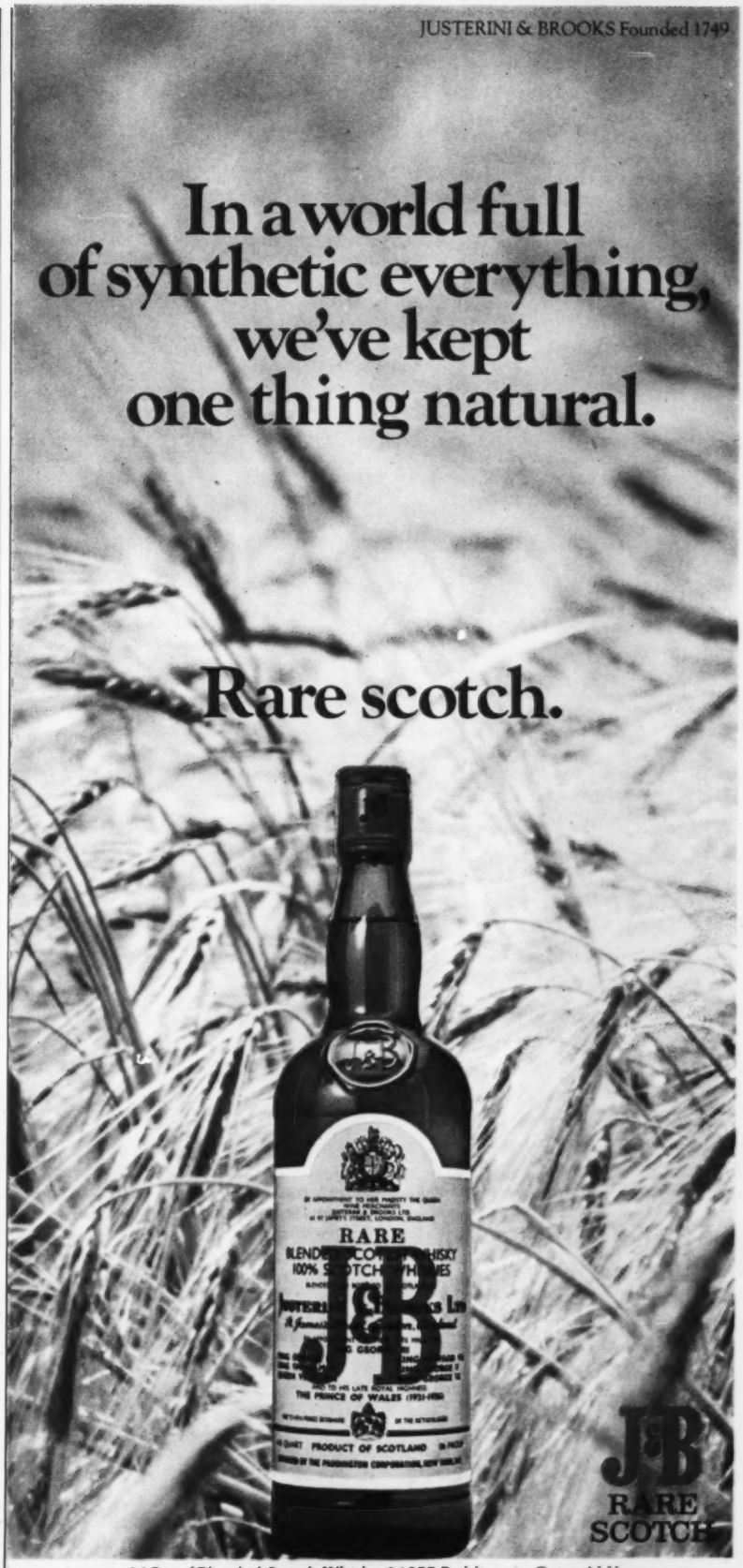
Who says that the American economic system is failing? Or that the old-fashioned concept of supply and demand no longer holds? New products and valuable services abound! Consumers and potential investors—take note:

Big orders in Secaucus

Monsanto Chemical Co. is set to market the ultimate in deodorizers. Unlike air fresheners that simply cover up foul smells, "Veilex" goes right to the root of the problem. It anesthetizes the nerve endings in the nose, making it impossible to smell "bad" odors. Monsanto claims that Veilex will even leave nerve endings that sense "good" smells intact. In a trial run, a stink bomb was exploded in a room of volunteers. When the area was sprayed with the new deodorant, the stink disappeared. Industrial applications are fraught with possibilities. Why, for instance, clean up foul-smelling odors in a factory when you can just readjust the employees' noses?

Trans-Atlantic glop

Imagine a super-absorbent powder, capable of sucking up 1,000,000 times its weight in liquid and



86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky ©1977 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

converting it into a jelly-like mass. Imagine a group of terrorists armed with several boxes of the stuff. Imagine them dumping it into your city's water supply. Just imagine. By 1978, according to General Mills' Chemicals, Inc., 1 million pounds of its newest product, "super slurper," will be on the market. Available in both the flake and powder form, two pounds of super slurper can convert a ton of water into Jello. General Mills sees no cause for concern that its thirsty invention will get into the wrong hands; the company plans to sell it only to other corporations for use as absorbent material in diapers, tampons and sanitary napkins.

See it now

Tired of the same old sixty- and thirty-second TV commercials? Well, take heart. In a recent seminar at the International Automotive Service Industries Show in Detroit, the J. Walter Thompson Co., one of the nation's top advertising agencies, unveiled its predictions for media in the year 1992. Among the developments in our future: one-second television spots

ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK CALKINS

that will put their message across with subliminal subtlety. A sample produced by the ad firm consisted of the sound of a ringing phone accompanied by a graphic of a wrench superimposed over a Standard Oil logo. The message: if your car's broken down, call your gas station for home repairs.

—Ted Howard and Jeremy Rifkin

Mind & Body

Doctor of domesticity

Some think it's smart to be upwardly mobile, but the real American intellect is at home with the kids. Stanford psychologists recently surveyed a group of men in their sixties, chosen for their achievement in science, education and business. The

PHOTOGRAPH BY DICK MILLER/GLOBE PHOTOS

The Nelsons: Ozzie had a Nobel

findings: Despite their ambition, these white-collar strongmen got their real joy from their families. The psychologists found these men impressive upstairs; not only were they happy with themselves, but their average IQ was 152. Most of them, said the researchers, had had a feeling of self-worth instilled in youth, and by middle age they'd worked out their psychological conflicts. "There is a widespread belief that middle-class men are obsessed with work and get most of their life's satisfaction from it," said psychologist Robert Sears. "Our study raises rather serious doubts about that assumption." This may bring a revisionist view of old Ozzie Nelson who, chastised for always staying home making malteds, would have, according to Sears, had a sideline—teaching advanced physics nights at Stanford.

Murder by mommy

Cigarette smoke can slowly kill adults, but it may have a worse effect on unborn babies: if their mothers smoke they may never get a chance to take a first breath.

A Penn State pathologist recently studied 9,000 women who smoked 11 or more cigarettes a day during pregnancy and found that 5.2 percent had stillbirths. That's 57 percent higher than among the 25,000 nonsmoking mothers studied. Especially incriminating was the rate of infant death caused by deterioration of the membrane surrounding the fetus. For nonsmoking mothers, other tests have shown, that's a rare event, occurring only once in 2,500 pregnancies. But it's twice as common among mothers who smoked 1 to 10 cigarettes a day, and *seven* times as frequent among those smoking 11 to 20 a day. The pathologist, Dr. Richard Naeye, speculates that tobacco smoke contracts the blood vessels in the uterus, cutting off vital oxygen supplies to the fetal membrane. *—Larry Frederick*

Post Scripts

Apartment suite

It looks like the impossible dream of Harlem's tenant-owned Taino Towers (*NT*: February 18) might soon come true. Secretary of Housing and Urban Development Patricia Harris announced this month that, after a 17-month hiatus, work would begin in June on the $45 million complex.

"If work begins June 1, we think we could have people moving in by October, November," says Julio Vazquez, chairman of the East Harlem Redevelopment Corporation, which is sponsoring the towers. "The new people at HUD respect us and we respect them. It makes all the difference."

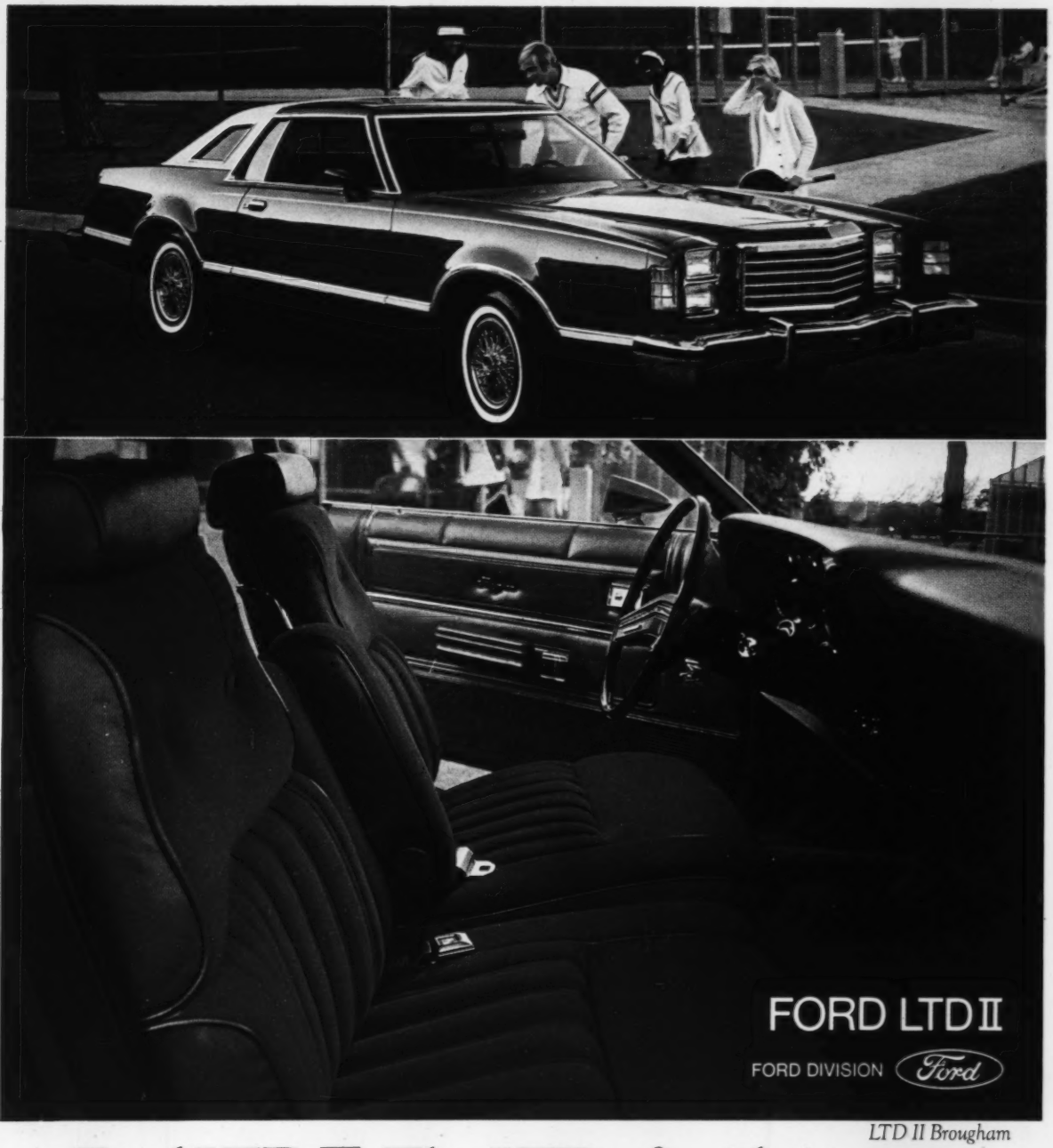
Apricot spots

Spots are sprouting over the face of America these days where localities have taken steps toward condoning the use of Laetrile (*NT*: February 18) for patients who've asked for it. Here's a quick continental sweep in the world of mystery drugs.

- Both houses of the Indiana General Assembly have passed, over Governor Otis Bowen's veto, a bill making it legal for Hoosier doctors to prescribe Laetrile. Although the Florida, Arizona and Nevada legislatures have acted similarly, only Nevada makes any provisions for manufacture and sale of the drug. One sponsor of the Indiana bill said it "isn't worth the paper it's written on."

- The Nevada state legislature passed a bill that would legalize not only Laetrile, but also Gerovital H3, an antidepressant drug that zealous proponents claim is an anti-aging pill. In a new book, *GH3: Will it Keep You Young Longer?*, author Herbert Bailey claims that the drug (also known as procaine hydrochloride) can cure age-related diseases like high cholesterol, arthritis, hypertension, angina and senility; some have claimed Gerovital helps Parkinson's disease, sickle cell anemia and herpes simplex I and II. No one's sure whether the drug is worthy of the 16th or the 21st century, but the FDA has started a long period of testing.

- In Oklahoma City, on May 9, Federal Judge Luther Bohanon ordered that the FDA retract requirements for importing Laetrile. The stipulation currently says a patient must obtain a doctor's affidavit that he probably would die "within a few weeks or a few months."



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The Marine Corps builds Klansmen

BY ROGER RAPOPORT

PFC Dennis Lee Campbell Jr., USMC, had never had much trouble sleeping, but now, early on the morning of March 20, he couldn't doze off. He just felt too alive. Campbell was lying on the ground in a California field in San Diego County, with 500 of his friends around him. Just a year ago, the 22-year-old Camp Pendleton radio operator hadn't known any of these people, but now he felt like they were "family." He gazed at them fondly, through the curling smoke of a hibachi. It was like a big family outing, a bunch of uncles and cousins and brothers camped under the stars in their Winnebagos, oasis tents, mummy bags and blankets. Somebody was actually playing "The Old Rugged Cross" on the harmonica.

Two days before, Campbell had ridden into the campsite on the hood of his gray '69 Bonneville, amid cheers and whistles and friendly hooting. He'd felt like John Wayne, which, in a way, wasn't too far off. PFC Campbell was the hottest den organizer of the Camp Pendleton Ku Klux Klan.

The fact that Campbell's driver, PFC Charles Von Smith, had slipped off the road into a ditch, hadn't marred Campbell's entrance a bit. (Von Smith was excited and night was coming on.) Cheerfully, the assembled Klansmen put their shoulders to the wheel and squared things away. The Bonneville was heavy, though. It and several other autos were loaded down with vital wooden cargo Smith had been collecting during liberty hours for weeks.

The next day, while most Klansmen played Frisbee, barbecued franks and rehearsed religious and patriotic songs, Campbell, Smith and a third Pendelton private, 19-year-old Ronnie Harper, unloaded the wood and hammered away. And that evening the Klansmen, protected from the cold ocean breeze by their heavy white robes, gathered around and gaped at the awesome sacred altar and 20-foot crucifix built by the three Marines. Then the Klanklave's Exalted Cyclops (president) ordered the fire ignited. Everyone doffed their hoods and young Harper stepped forward with his blowtorch.

As flames lapped at the cross, illuminating a huge American flag nearby, the Exalted Cyclops asked his fellow "terrors and Klansmen" to join him in the KKK anthem, sung to the tune of "America":

God of Eternity
Guard, guide our great co-unt-ry
Our homes and store.
Make our great Race to thee,
Its people right and free.
In us they glory be,
For-ev-er-more!

Many of the KKK members, both civilian and military, had driven as far as 500 miles for the gala weekend, and according to Campbell were "choked up" by the emotional ceremony, but none took it more seriously than he did: "I decided right then and there," he explained several nights later over beers at Daisy's, an Oceanside restaurant Pendleton Klansmen favor for press conferences, "that I was willing to die for the white race."

The private was so turned on by his role in the biggest western American cross-burning in years that he was still having trouble speaking about it. Everything that had seemed wrong to him about the country and the Marine Corps had been put right that night. "You can't explain a feeling like that. It's like the very first time you get a piece of ass."

The New Rugged Cross

On December 15, 1976, several weeks after 14 black Marines were arrested for beating up six white Marines who were holding what the blacks presumed to be a Ku Klux Klan meeting at Camp Pendleton, Major General Carl W. Hoffman, the base commander, proudly told a crowded news conference that the KKK was no longer a factor at his installation:

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL CALL

Semper furious: Kligrapp Dennis Campbell, displaying what he thinks the well-dressed Marine should wear

"If they are there they are well hidden. We cannot locate them, therefore, we believe the presence . . . of the Klan is miniscule and the problem . . . has largely been solved."

General Hoffman's official optimism came as a surprise to agents of the Naval Investigative Service, who, at his request, had just put an exhaustive 420-page report about Pendleton Klan activities on his desk. The study, which includes long interviews with sixteen Pendleton Klansmen, their friends and superiors, as well as reports from the FBI, California Department of Justice and local police agencies, explains precisely how the KKK has been successfully organizing new dens from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli. The study, and a *New Times* investigation, establishes the following:

- That the Klan has been active at Pendleton since 1973, and that membership is at an all-time high. While officials claim to have broken up one den by transferring or discharging 16 KKK men, over 100 Marines have enrolled in three new dens in recent months, bringing total base Klan membership to about 200.
- That hundreds of Marines have joined KKK groups on bases in Japan, Okinawa, the Philippines, California, Texas, North Carolina and other locations around the world.
- That instead of punishing Klansmen who were systematically kidnapping, shooting, firebombing, torturing, beating and otherwise harassing black Marines, some Marine officers promoted white supremacists and gave six KKK leaders "secret" clearances.
- That Pendleton commanders failed to discipline any of the scores of Klansmen involved in attacks on blacks, which happened virtually every week. One KKK man beat up 26 black Marines over a ten-month period in 1975; he was then quietly given an administrative discharge.
- That since the 14 black Marines attacked six whites last November 13, southern California Klan leaders have held at least four "war councils." At these councils, Klan members have advocated killing blacks in retaliation.
- That blacks have formed their own power groups (in some places known as "The Family"), and are harassing whites, signaling an incipient race war within the Corps.

Roger Rapoport last reported on the murder of Don Bolles, a Phoenix newspaperman, for New Times.

So far, the Pendleton command has declined comment on the case, pending court martials against 10 of the 14 blacks alleged to have participated in the November 13 attack. (The Marine brass are so reluctant to deal with the matter that the base public affairs office charges $250 just to reproduce its news releases on the case.)

But according to the Naval Investigative Service report: "The Klan has been around for some time on military bases. The removal of Klan members at Camp Pendleton will cause the Klan around the country to come and show themself [sic]. The Klan is here to stay. The November problem at Camp Pendleton is not the first time the Klan and blacks have had trouble. The Klan is testing the system to see how far they can get. They have been using military personnel to get what they needed."

Military intelligence shows that many of the KKK's best organizers belonged to the racist organization before joining the service. Sergeant Randall Clouse, for example, the Pendleton Ex-

"The Jew may use 'Communist Revolution' to take over a country, but after he gets control, he will take it back to capitalism. That's why Nixon went to Red China . . ."

alted Cyclops, has been a Klansman since his high school days in Farmersburg, Indiana. He first showed an interest in racial affairs in the military while stationed at Okinawa's Camp Hansen. Clouse felt Camp Hansen's three dens "were all talk and no action," and so organized his own hard-line den. In late 1974, upset by black soldiers unplugging juke boxes in white non-com bars because they offered "no soul music," Clouse says he and some of his 200 KKK friends would "get into fights with them, beat them up and throw them out of the bars." Naturally the blacks didn't take this lightly, and soon there were fights and beatings every weekend. Finally, a "showdown" was scheduled. Whites and blacks were going to punch it out in the Club 69 in Kin Son, but before serious bloodshed began, the Military Police and Courtesy Patrol arrived and broke things up.

Clouse abruptly transferred to Camp Pendleton early last year, but was appalled to discover that no Klavern existed on base. All Marine Klansmen were members of civilian dens in Oceanside, California. Oceanside, near San Diego, is a right-wing stronghold that likes to call itself "California's best-kept secret." Clouse thought the situation was inefficient. Commuting hassles were unnecessary, he reasoned. The energetic Marine began organizing a base den by recruiting buddies in his own unit, the First Tank Battalion. Soon they were joined by enlisted men in the First Marine Division and the First Force Service Support Group (1FSSG).

The new recruits, replying to questioning by the NIS team, gave the following reasons for joining the Klan: PFC Ronnie Harper, whose grandfather and uncle had both been Klansmen, felt he was honoring a family tradition; one Marine sergeant, who had been "informally associated" with a Klan group in 1975 while stationed at Iwakuni, Japan, decided to "formalize" things after transferring to Pendleton; PFC Kenneth R. Boice, who had attended open Klan meetings in Georgia but never had time to join because of "family and civilian work commitments," felt the military was a natural place to "find out what the Klan was all about"; and PFC Douglas Pierce signed up because he had "always hated Negroes."

Pierce's hatred first surfaced when he was expelled from high school in McAlester, Oklahoma, for participating in a racial disturbance. The niggers were just crowding people too much. After enlisting and finishing boot camp at Parris Island, South Carolina, Pierce attended Communications School at 29 Palms, California. There his hatred grew. He remembers being particularly incensed by a young black private: "He seemed to be very stupid . . . I and other members of our class continually harassed this individual. Things that we did were to beat him with pillows; kick him unclothed out of the barracks, and on one occasion we tied him to a command tent centerpost and carried him outside, where we placed him in a trailer. I and the others thoroughly enjoyed this . . ."

The incipient sadism was effective because it jelled with the *realpolitik* of military life. Pierce's victim, for example, refused to file complaints with his superiors because, he later testified, he was convinced they would ignore his charges; he was also afraid of reprisals. When non-Klan Marines asked about the welts and bruises on blacks in their outfits, they were usually given the old saw about "falling down the barracks stairs . . ."

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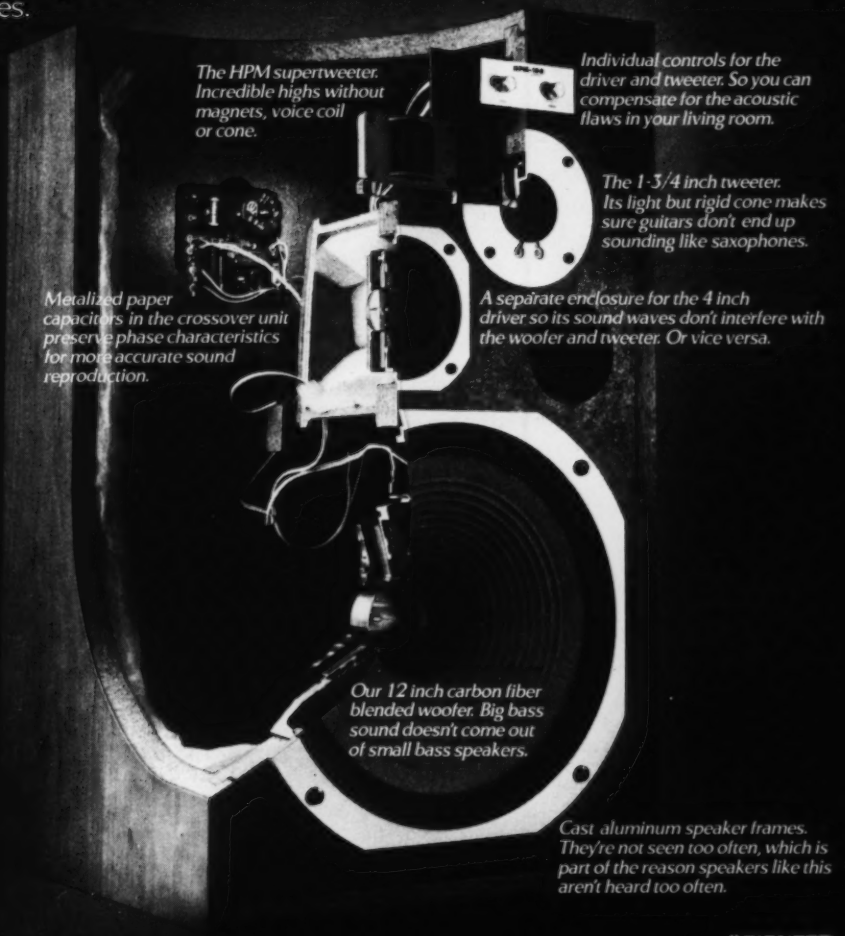
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Klanography

There've been some changes in the Klan. Trying to build membership, some KKK chapters now accept Roman Catholics and women.

The Klan also advertises on the radio. WLCS, a Louisiana pop station, ran the following spot dozens of times: "We're the ones who pay most of the taxes and enjoy less and less of their benefits . . . come to a huge rally . . . see the beautiful cross-lighting ceremony. . . ."

Such efforts have met with considerable success. The Klan, once primarily a southern phenomenon, has spread to traditionally liberal northern states. "The North, just now, is growing faster than the South," comments Bob Scoggin, 55-year-old Grand Dragon of South Carolina and one of three coordinators of worldwide Klan activities. "Washington and Oregon just set up new clubs; and the club in Maine, traditionally a very liberal state, just announced publicly." According to Scoggin, New York and California Klaverns are growing fastest; Indiana has the most members; and the Klan is represented in every state and in seven countries, including England, Germany and Canada.

Advocates of the "New Klan," with their permanent-press robes and mod haircuts are, for the most part, careful about their public images. New York State's Janice Schoonmaker tours the college and TV lecture circuits, and couches her ideology in terms of pride in religious and racial heritage, and faith in the Constitution. However, when Klan members converge, they sound just like their vigilante predecessors. At a recent southern Klan rally, 26-year-old David E. Duke was quoted: "We say give us liberty and give them death. There's many times I've felt like picking up a gun and going to shoot a nigger. We've got a heritage to protect." Duke, who made an unsuccessful bid for the Louisiana State Senate last year, openly campaigned as Grand Dragon of the Louisiana realm.

I Can't Get No Satisfaction

Dennis Campbell, however, wasn't satisfied. The red-headed private and ace Klan recruiter, who describes himself as a "redneck cowboy who likes country music and country women," decided to make a career in the military after he had tired of milking Holsteins on his father's eastern Michigan dairy farm, and leading the life of an itinerant rodeo rider in Wyoming.

"Prior to joining the Marine Corps," he explained, in the curious robot vocabulary of the non-commissioned military, "I was prejudiced against blacks, although I tried to curtail my feelings and even have friendships . . . [but] I totally dislike seeing Negroes on welfare, yet living in high-income residential districts within Smith's Creek, Michigan [Campbell's hometown]. Since joining the Corps . . . I have come to hate blacks. I see blacks as individuals who are not willing to share in the work load . . . . Blacks are continually getting away with everything. For example, no one is supposed to wear a hat within the 22 Area enlisted men's club and yet blacks are continually seen wearing caps and stocking coverings. . . . In the mess hall blacks are permitted to congregate, which causes a delay in others getting their chow. I also found it was blacks who refused to remove their trays to a cleaning area after eating."

Most Marine KKK complaints were on this level.

Some of the black dudes sold dope right on base and brought white prostitutes back to the barracks with them . . . and the brass did nothing!

However it took more than racist convictions to qualify for membership in the Pendleton Klan. Applicants had to be white Anglo-Saxon Christians, opposed to integration, mixed marriage, prostitution, drugs, busing, gun control, the "Jewsmedia," equal opportunity employment and sending surplus wheat to Russia. Den leaders, spouting anti-Semitic quotes allegedly uttered by Ben Franklin, demanded that applicants pledge a willingness to put their life on the line for Caucasian America. PFC Campbell, who quickly rose from recruiter to Kligrapp (secretary), made a point of asking each newcomer if he "1) Had any niggers as friends? 2) Would fuck up a nigger? 3) Had the guts to blow a nigger away?"

Those Marines who qualified were picked up at their barracks, blindfolded, and driven to a secret location to be initiated. One, who was then nineteen years old, recalls that after being seated his eyes were uncovered in a room filled with hooded men. On the podium he spotted the 2.5 inch barrel of a .38 caliber Smith & Wesson Model 19 pistol, lying across a bible opened to the Book of Psalms. Like all new members, the Marine was assessed dues at $5 a month (with $1 being sent to state Klan headquarters), given a red membership card and a volume on Klan Kraft. "There is no title on the outside," explained the anonymous author in the foreword, "so you may keep this book without drawing suspicion. This book was made to be followed by the letter. No innovation will be tolerated."

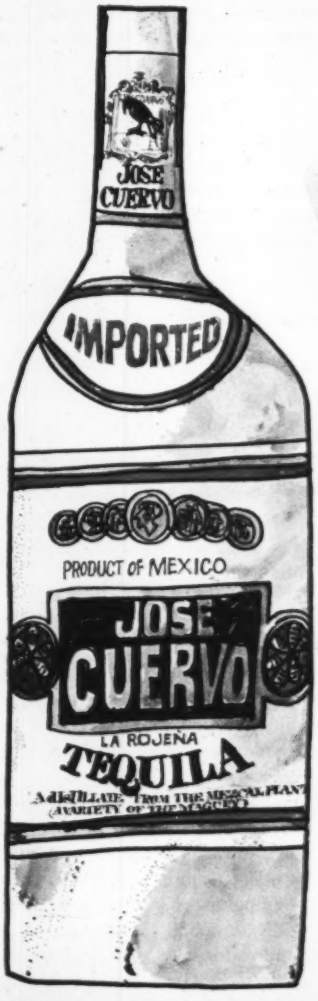
The Klan Shall Rise Again

Camp Pendleton billets 32,000 Marines on its 125,000 acres. A little more than 70 percent of them are white, drawn largely from the poor rural areas of the Midwest and South and from the working-class and lower-middle-class neighborhoods of major cities. A major part of the activity at Pendleton is motivating youthful civilians to be professional military men. The Marine Corps is proud of its ability to motivate effectively. Marines have traditionally been rougher and readier than soldiers or sailors. The Marine Corps Builds Men! Semper Fidelis! And every creaky-voiced kid to don Marine jungle greens or Marine dress blues believes that somehow he is better, bigger, more American, more *right*, for wearing them. It's an automatic thing.

Imagine then young Campbell or Harper, honed to a fighting edge, spit-shined and starched and ready to roll, encountering sullen black Marines, "dapping"—giving the black power salute, the raised, clenched right fist—for 10 minutes at a time, holding everyone up in the Friday night line to get on the bus to Oceanside, or to get some cigarettes at the commissary, or to get a lousy beer at the lousy non-com club . . . Imagine the reaction when the blacks refused to cut their Afros or remove their stocking caps or stop playing their "spear-chucker" soul songs on

The Teachings of Jose Cuervo:

"There is white, and then there is white."



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the jukebox . . . Some of these black dudes sold dope right on base, or brought white prostitutes back to the barracks with them . . . And the Marine brass did nothing! It was as if the brass were afraid! What about John Wayne? Campbell and Harper felt cheated. Weren't the Marines the best Americans? Couldn't they tell right from wrong? Well, if they couldn't, maybe a purer form of Americanism was needed . . .

Capitalizing on racial tension was a relatively easy matter. There were almost 200 interracial incidents at Pendleton in the three years before the November 13 incident that focused national attention on the base's Klan problem. In 172 of these incidents, Marines were wounded seriously enough to require trips to the hospital; 6 of them were classified as full-fledged brawls.

Most of the clashes were touched off by relatively minor matters: whites calling blacks "shit-birds," and blacks dapping in the chow line. When questioned, the whites invariably complained that many of their problems were caused by officers who failed to discipline black slackards and troublemakers for fear of being called racists. The blacks countered that they were always first choice for "shit details"; whites got the good assignments. They also complained about their slow rate of advancement. About 18 percent of Pendleton's Marines are black, but only 1 of 274 officers in the top four ranks (General, Colonel, Lt. Colonel and Major) is.

Both whites and blacks were frustrated by the unwillingness of officers to do *anything* about racial tension. While brass like Marine Commandant Louis H. Wilson paid lip service to the notion that "the primary ingredient to success . . . is the mutual respect and confidence that members of [an integrated] unit share with each other," base officials ignored the steady stream of casualties turning up at base infirmaries. No attempts were made to educate the unsophisticated, white supremacists who arrived each month, and who simply couldn't cope with the idea of serving in biracial platoons. Depressed by the gap between the dream promises of the Marine recruiting posters and the drab reality of Pendleton life, these white recruits turned increasingly to the Klan.

This dangerous syndrome existed throughout the Marine Corps, but nowhere was it more serious than at Pendleton. Official unwillingness to acknowledge the problem helped create a plantation-like atmosphere for new black arrivals. They were subjected to all manner of arbitrary fines, demotions and incarcerations for failing to obey superiors who addressed them as "boy." (This was not official Klan policy, but not-so-subliminal racism masquerading as "normal" boot-camp hazing—The Marine Corps Builds Men!) If they showed up two minutes late for formation, Afro-Americans had to forfeit $150 worth of pay. (Whites just pulled extra duty.) And they were expected to smile when Marines like Dennis Campbell walked by wearing KKK pins and handed them cards that asked: "Is your neighborhood crime-infested or is it still all white?"

Racist literature distributed by the Klan unnerved some Pendleton newcomers, like Lance Corporal Ricky McGilvery. As soon as he settled into the 1FSSG's 22 Area, the 20-year-old Marine was told it wasn't safe for black soldiers to go out at night by themselves. "It was pretty scary with all these rednecks running around with Klan patches on their shoulders and knives strapped to their waist," McGilvery said. "You learned to recognize the KKK guys by their cowboy hats. I tried not to worry too much at first when some of the other black guys told me what the Klan had done to hurt their friends back home in Alabama. But when they started burning crosses, jumping my buddies and shooting at guys, my attitude changed. Everywhere you went there were Klan symbols. They stuck their decals to the door, spray-painted their initials on walls, hung banners on their cars and stuck their newspapers in our rooms. It got to the point where I didn't feel safe walking around in *daylight*."

"I am convinced that violence is the only answer," said PFC Dennis Campbell. "I feel so strongly that I would just as soon see all blacks dead . . ."

Blacks weren't the only target. Determined to improve the literacy of their fellow Marines, Klansmen such as Dennis Campbell passed out fliers that asked: "Honest now—have you ever read *Mein Kampf* by Adolf Hitler?" The book was available ($8 hardbound, $4.25 paper) from a West Virginia publisher who also put out a Klan magazine called *Liberty Bell*. The magazine is extremely anti-Semitic. One author argued, "Hitler was right! Communism is Jewish!" Another more sophisticated writer attempted to put things in perspective: "The Jew is, first, last, and always a capitalist. This is the field in which his best talents lie. The Jew may use 'Communist Revolution' to take over a country he wishes to control; but after he gets control, he will turn it back to capitalism and open it up for trade. This is why Nixon went to Red China."

Ideological disputes like this are common inside the Pendleton Klan. Some members believed the den should work openly with the National Socialist White Peoples' Party in Oceanside. But ultimately the KKK decided against joining forces after it was pointed out that Nazi socialism was "only one step away from Communism."

There were also jurisdictional clashes with some of the Klan dens in Oceanside, and with an "unaccredited" motorcycle gang out of nearby Carlsbad—"The Klansmen." Exalted Cyclops Randall Clouse decided to have things out with the bikers after they made the mistake of burning a cross on Pendleton Klan territory:

"We approached their leaders in an effort to convince them that they should let us have our territory and they could have theirs. However, this particular group was not receptive to these suggestions; they stated they would meet us at a local beach, that they would be bringing weapons and we could settle it then and there."

The Pendleton Klansmen showed up in full battle gear. They wore cowboy hats, bandanas tied around their right legs, and had bowie knives strapped to their boots. They wore their trouser legs slit, and had KKK pins on their uniform shirts. They also carried guns and billy clubs nicknamed "nigger sticks." The Marine Klansmen took their positions on the beach at the appointed time. Minutes later the leather-jacketed bikers roared into an adjacent parking lot on their Harleys and Hondas. As wet-suited surfers scrambled out of the water to watch the showdown, the leader of the Carlsbad motorcycle gang surveyed the menacing leathernecks. He paused to light a 100-millimeter cigarette; then he waved to his men and they sped off toward the freeway.

After the euphoria of winning the surfside facedown, Clouse and his den felt a growing sense of confidence. They turned to more important matters, like building up a Klan armory in the room of PFC Campbell. Eventually it included gunpowder, riot guns, pistols of various calibers, an unregistered .357 magnum, 10-inch knives, clubs and chains. As custodian, Campbell was assigned to make

The Pendleton Klan: Just before the November 13 clash, left to right—Privates Dennis Lee Campbell, Kenneth Langerman (not a Klansman), Douglas Pierce, Charles Von Smith (seated) and Ronnie Harper

Blacks who fought back: Left to right—Privates Herman Fletcher, Curtis Jones (behind Fletcher); Corporals Ricky McGilvery, Gregory Coffee; Privates Eddie Page(behind Coffee), Anthony Matthews, William Spencer and Clarence Capers

as many firecrackers as possible from the gunpowder. These were meant as a diversion in the event that any Klan stronghold in the 22 Area barracks, where Klan activity was greatest, came under attack.

Some of these weapons were brought to den meetings at a top-secret location near an Oceanside 7-11 store. This was where raids against blacks were planned. Those who volunteered for an "action" separated from the rest of the group, climbed into a car, were briefed en route to the "target," and then carried out the "hit." Targets were usually individual blacks who had aroused some Klansman's ire. But not all Klansmen were happy about these hit policies. Nineteen-year-old supplyman Michael J. Baker, for example, was horrified when he saw several fellow KKK members beat up a 13-year-old black boy on an Oceanside beach, with no provocation.

Baker went to the young boy's defense, and for his trouble was severely bawled out by Kligrapp Campbell: "You've got a mouth and I'm going to get rid of it," Campbell roared. Klansmen are supposed to obey orders without question, Campbell explained. It was what made a KKK Marine purer than a regular Marine. "All of us had black friends that we worked with on base," he continued. "Some of them actually enjoyed having heart-to-heart talks with us about Klan activities. One lieutenant in my company was particularly interested and also told me a lot of stuff about black history I never knew before.

"But while we encouraged this communication during working hours, we discouraged our members from going over to their houses and drinking beer because you never know when a black guy will turn and stab you in the back. When any of our guys refused to obey we asked them to decide whether their friendship with the Negro was more important than the future of the white race."

Some offenders, like Private Baker, were subject to more than verbal reprisals. After being chewed out for interfering with the attack on the 13-year-old, he was "stalked" for days. Baker went into hiding. Finally, determined KKK toughs thought they'd tracked him down at a friend's home in Oceanside. They burst in and beat up a Marine, wrecking the house in the process, then realized they'd got the wrong man.

As the Pendleton Klansmen grew more sure of themselves they took to wearing their white hoods openly around the base. The uniform became an instrument of terror. One afternoon a band of KKK members jumped a black private in the mess hall, ripped off his clothes, forced him to don a white sheet and wear it back to the barracks. Black Marines looked on, but were afraid to help. When interviewed later by the NIS team, they said they were afraid a) of being attacked themselves, b) of being sent to the brig by officers sympathetic to the Klan.

The Blood Drop

By the spring of 1976 Marine officers were well aware of Pendleton Klan activities, particularly inside the now notorious 1FSSG's 22 Area. In May, denmates sprayed a big red KKK on the 22212 barracks. No effort was made to stop them. They openly solicited white soldiers to come help "hassle the blacks" and "get rid of them." As base commander Hoffman would later explain, "Although the KKK is anathema to the majority of Americans and although its emphasis on racism is contrary to the principles on which our republic is founded, there is no federal law which prohibits membership in the KKK. Accordingly, there can be no Ma-

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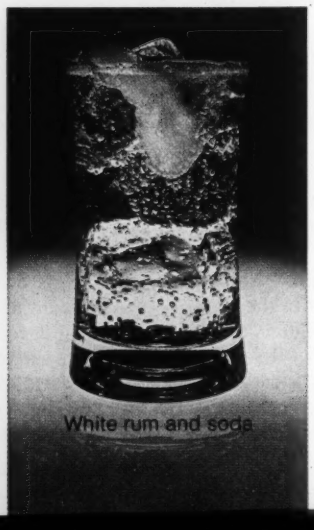

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rine Corps regulation which prohibits KKK membership; therefore, mere membership in the KKK does not constitute a crime."

Alarmed by this attitude, 75 black Marines held a meeting in June on the 22 Area's parade ground. They agreed that their best response to KKK intimidation should be regular meetings, followed by formal complaints to Pendleton officers. But two days later the command issued a verbal order prohibiting future meetings of the black group; their leaders were transferred to other bases.

The command did set up human relations classes, however. Lt. Corporal Gregory Coffee, who'd attended the parade ground rally, was ordered to report to a weekly meeting "to promote racial harmony." The 21-year-old Marine was stunned by his first session. All 14 of his fellow students were white. Ten of them were admitted Klansmen, and wore their KKK insignias and hunting knives to class. The sessions turned out to be ordeals. The Klansmen seemed to feel free to harass Coffee with streams of racist epithets. The sergeant instructing the class made no effort to rebuke them. There was no way to prove official sanction, however, since most military classes are travesties. By the last classes, the Klansmen were laughingly telling Coffee how much "fun" it was to slash the brake lines of cars owned by Afro-Americans.

In July a number of denmates decided to move closer together, on the third floor of the 22212 building. Officers ignored complaints of fiery meetings there; they also ignored complaints filed by two black Marines who were severely beaten outside the enlisted men's club by leathernecks wearing the red, white and blue KKK symbol, known as "the blood drop." In August, when the Pendleton command finally got around to painting over the red Klan initials that had gone up on 22212 four months earlier, Klansmen were using words like "annihilate, destroy and kill" at their regular "potluck" dinners. (Once a week or more, KKKers would cook "wholesome" dinners for themselves because they could barely tolerate the "polluted" mess halls.) At these "potlucks," Klansmen gathered together for picture taking, gleefully posing with knives gripped between their teeth. For days a recruiting van bearing the slogan "Save Our Land—Join The Klan" was parked outside barracks occupied by scores of black Marines. Finally, the KKK learned that one black officer was married to a white female; they found his Cadillac in the 22 Area parking lot and burnt it to the ground. They did this at high noon, with literally dozens of witnesses observing. The officer, however, a career Marine, told his superiors he believed the arson incident was "not racially motivated." He theorized that the job was the work of an unbiased white subordinate who had merely "overreacted to undesirable assignments."

Klansmen routinely boasted to their fellow Marines about committing destruction of this kind, but the NIS team found no record of court martials during the period in question. Black Marines, however, finding their tires slashed or transmission lines cut for the third or fourth time, began finding it hard not to fight back. KKK members were swaggering around in their cowboy clothes, brandishing "nigger sticks." On September 26, fighting nearly broke out, after a black private on duty in the recreation room in the 22 Area ordered a group of Klansmen, including Campbell, Harper and Smith, to police a nearby area. But Klan strategy now switched. The three Klansmen went before battalion chief A.J. Sibley to catalog *their* grievances.

A quick search turned up a .22 rifle, a .22 pistol, 250 rounds of ammunition and a KKK hood. No charges were ever brought

Klan complaints were predictable: blacks were slowing down the chow line, kicking the enlisted men's club jukebox when country and western songs came on, and threatening "to kill all you redneck motherfuckers and Klansmen." Major Sibley passed this information on to the 1FSSG's Executive Officer, Colonel Robert Walling, who in turn agreed to brief Commanding Officer M.A. Johnson; Johnson, however, could not be informed of all this until he returned from leave in October. Marine brass did eventually call in counterintelligence officers to "investigate KKK activity"; but made no effort to curb Klansmen who had volunteered to "clean up Pendleton."

"The officers said okay to our willingness to solve things like racial problems," says Campbell. "We tried to talk with men in our area and let the command know about thefts, drugs and prostitution. [The Klan's position was that blacks were responsible for most crimes of this type on base, and that if the Marine brass was afraid to be called racist in order to stop them, the KKK wasn't.] We reported through a sergeant in the 1FSSG communications company, and he would relay the message to whoever he had to. He knew we were in the Klan and that didn't bother him. I think he was glad to have our help."

Officers in other companies were also impressed by the work of the KKK members in their units. Captain William D. Bushnell, Commanding Officer of Alpha Company, First Tank Battalion, First Marine Division, found his communications chief, Klansman Alphonce Urbanovsky, a "quite satisfactory Marine, very dependable in his professional expertise." As far as Bushnell was concerned, Urbanovsky—who liked to parade around with a confederate flag T-shirt bearing the slogan "Forget, hell; the White Man will rise again!"—was an ideal Marine whose "social conduct had been unblemished."

Given their strong moral convictions, it was not surprising that Klansmen devoted a good deal of liberty time to harassing white Oceanside hookers who catered to a black clientele. In his frequent talks with officers, Exalted Cyclops Randall Clouse was proud to note that his men had also forced a black prostitute to move out of town "merely by scaring off her customers." In a marvelous understatement, Clouse explained: "We did this by standing around her house and, whenever it was approached by customers, we would just tell them to leave."

Unfortunately, this part of the Klan program didn't do much to broaden the KKK's base of support at Pendleton. Dennis Campbell, who'd been generally laughed at for chickening out of his first and only encounter with a San Diego prostitute months earlier, found Marines laughing even harder when he cited the biblical, moral, financial and medical arguments against prostitution: "My friends looked at me like I was some kind of nut and said, 'Campbell, you're crazy!' "

Why Can't Things Be Black and White?

The Pendleton KKK's vigilante efforts were strengthened by one Marine denmate, who kept up his civilian police affiliation. Whenever Campbell or any of the others needed information on a suspect or target, the obliging Marine called his friends, who quickly plugged them into the statewide police telecommunications network. But, the naive KKK men found, civilian and military police utili-

Klanguage

INVISIBLE EMPIRE OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE KKK

Imperial Wizard	Supreme ruler of all the klansmen; national administrator; calls yearly national convention
Geni (16)	Wizard's staff, comprised of:
Klaliff	Vice-president
Klokard	Teacher of klankraft (klan lore)
Kludd	Chaplain
Kligrapp	Secretary
Klabee	Treasurer
Kladd	Conductor of ceremonies
Klorogo	Inner guard (watches inside door)
Klexter	Outer guard (watches outside door)
Night hawk	"Naturalizer" (initiates new members)
Klonsuls	Lawyers (make up balance of geni)
KBI (3–4)	Klan Bureau of Investigation; appointed by Imperial Wizard or Grand Dragon; checks into various illegal affairs of state and local officials in and out of the klan
REALM	State
Grand Dragon	Head of all state activities; coordinates news releases, rallies; meets with national officers
Hydras (9)	Advisers to Grand Dragon; includes all posts listed above except for klonsuls; board meets every three months
Kleagles (2–3)	Report directly to the Grand Dragon; recruit all new members; set up klaverns; help elect officers of new klaverns
PROVINCE	Congressional district
Great Titan	Administers established clubs
Furies (7)	Titan's board of directors; includes all previously mentioned officers except klonsul, klorogo and klexter
KLAVERN	Local meeting place
Exalted Cyclops	President of local club
Terrors (12)	Includes all officers, plus Kloklann committee of three, which is local equivalent to the klonsuls

zation of the resulting data was "selective" in ways they couldn't understand. After compiling elaborate dossiers on pushers, pimps and hookers "subverting" the men on base, the Klan found itself stymied by bureaucratic indifference. The same officers who had welcomed KKK tips on black Marine self-defense groups brushed aside the den's self-appointed vice squad. No one really *cared* about dope and fucking.

And this struck at the heart of why most Klansmen had joined first the Marines, then the Klan, at all. PFC Ronnie Harper: "When I joined the service I thought I was going to improve the quality of my life. But that was a misconception. This is a whole different world. You can find anything you want—prostitutes, dope—you name it. Now whores are wrong for us as far as the Bible goes. And I don't have to tell you what drugs can do to people."

Determined to get results, the KKK men took their complaints to the Oceanside Police Department. But officers there failed to show much interest in the impressive evidence they had amassed on the heroin, cocaine and marijuana pushers undercutting combat readiness at Camp Pendleton. "We found some of the really heavy dealers," says Campbell, "but when we went to the local cops they said, 'No, they are too big for us.' At that point we decided to take our case to the Oceanside City Council. We leafleted the council meeting, but then, when it was our turn to speak, the mayor took us into a back room, listened to what we had to say, and promised he'd be in touch. We never heard from him."

But now, in addition to their problems at city hall, the Klansmen were experiencing new difficulties with black Marines. On November 10, Campbell, Harper and Smith boarded an Oceanside bus en route to Pendleton and immediately got into a shouting match with some blacks who didn't like the racist cards tucked into the brims of their cowboy hats. The blacks snatched the Stetsons off, stomped them, and ripped Harper's shirt. When they got to the base, the three whites went to see 1FSSG Executive Officer George A. Shafer. They complained bitterly that they were being singled out for harassment by blacks, but Captain Shafer found them "prejudiced," and "perceived their objectives to be to get blacks in trouble by inciting an incident and then removing themselves from involvement."

Still, Marine officials made no effort to defuse the tense situation within the 22 Area. Convinced that a preemptive strike was the only answer to escalating Klan offensives, a group of black Marines stormed into a third-floor room in the 22212 barracks on the night of November 13 to break up a suspected Klan meeting. Although KKK members had placed one of their insignias on the door of the room weeks earlier, the seven white Marines partying inside were *not* Klansmen. Six of them were clubbed and four went to the hospital with stab wounds inflicted by knives and sharp, Phillips-head screwdrivers. "God, I don't want to die," screamed one of the victims as he was carried off. "Why did they stab me? I'm not in the Ku Klux Klan."

In the wake of the attack, the MPs rounded up 14 black soldiers and five Klansmen, including Campbell, Harper and Smith. After spending a night in the Pendleton brig, the KKK men were confined incommunicado at battalion headquarters. This infuriated 19-year-old Harper, who had planned to be in Pensacola, Florida, the following day for a big wedding—his own. The private pled for the right to call his fiancee "before it was too late." But the Pendleton command, finally convinced that it must do something substantive, wasn't taking any chances. MPs had discovered a log book in Campbell's locker listing 16 key

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL CARMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY DON BARTLETTI

Offense is the best defense: When the civilian Klan's Grand Dragon, David Duke, top left, came to talk at Pendleton, the MPs had to save him; bottom—demonstrators support 14 black Marines who go on trial next month for beating up white Marines they thought were KKKers

Klansmen. All 16 were to be transferred immediately. Harper wasn't even allowed his single phone call. "It was just horrible," he recalled. "I had my tux paid for and everything."

As the Marine commandant began arranging to pack Campbell off to cold-weather training in the Sierra, Harper to desert duty at 29 Palms and Smith to air base work at El Toro, California, all 16 Marines were thoroughly debriefed on their Klan activities by NIS agents. Their testimony became the basis for the report upon which this story is based.

Under questioning, Exalted Cyclops Randall Clouse told the NIS the Pendleton Klan had been "moderate." "There are three types of action that can be taken to make Klan views and philosophy noticed," he explained. "The first is to flood the Commanding General or Area Commander with request masts [meetings]. . . . Another way is to go outside the military establishment [and establish] liaison with civilian Klan groups. . . .

"The third mode is a vigilante-type action, typified by the burning of crosses . . . Black agitators and militants within the area are identified, targeted and beaten or harassed. Some of the more radical Klans have been known to resort to arson and murder when the third stage is reached. . . . I have attended four 'war councils' since November 13, 1976. Present at these meetings were representatives of the White Brotherhood, the American Nazi Party and various other 'white power' organizations." At one of these sessions, which was attended by leaders of the California State Klan, "a more radical member [a civilian] from North Hollywood wanted to resort to the third stage as a result of the incident [on the 13th]. I was able to convince him that our purposes would not be served by resorting to violence."

Other Pendleton Klan leaders disagreed. Dennis Campbell told NIS men: "I am convinced that violence is the only answer. I feel so strongly that I would just as soon see all blacks dead . . . ."

The dispersal of Klan leaders continued. Pendleton Klaliff (vice-president) Daniel Bailey was in a blind panic. He strenuously objected to summary orders that he fly to a new base at Cherry Point, North Carolina, on the evening of December 2. Bailey's explanation was that he preferred driving to his new assignment. Pendleton officials promised to ship his Datsun to him, but Bailey resisted; his car was in desperate need of repair, he said. After officers threatened to bring charges, he finally gave in and flew east. A quick search of Bailey's auto turned up a .22 rifle, a .22 pistol, 250 rounds of ammunition and a KKK hood. After removing the unauthorized weaponry, the car was shipped to North Carolina. No charges were ever brought against the 25-year-old Marine, but he was subsequently given an administrative (honorable) discharge.

As more Klansmen began receiving orders for new bases, Pendleton officers were swamped with suggestions on how to defuse the tense situation, which was leading to new cross-burnings and fights. Klan alumnus Arnold Dean Mackey of Kalamazoo, Michigan, who'd been discharged, couldn't leave well enough alone. He wrote 1FSSG Headquarters: "I hereby sincerely request that your pull is used for the purpose of securing my return as an undercover agent for Naval Intelligence. . . . A potential powder keg is in the making and it could be dangerous without my precents [sic]. As your records will show, I beat-up and abused 26 black Marines on your base in 1975."

A Pendleton staff psychologist's records bore out the former supplyman's contention. Mackey had told the psychologist he'd hated blacks since child-

hood, firmly believed black power advocates were agents of the devil, and that God had hand-picked him to punish them. Mackey had been jumping black Marines about once every 11 days.

While the Corps simply sent Marines like Mackey and Bailey back to civilian life, it took a harder line on the blacks involved in the November 13 beatings. So far, 14 suspects have been indicted on assault, conspiracy and (in three cases) attempted murder charges. Facing court martials that could lead to 70-year sentences, two defendants pled guilty to reduced assault charges and received four months in the brig. A third defendant was acquitted at a special court marshall, and a fourth was granted immunity in exchange for testifying against the other ten. Immunity was also granted to Lance Corporal Arthur J. Camp, who cooperated with the prosecution.

But black and civil liberties leaders in California, concerned that the other black defendants were being railroaded (directly or indirectly) by inexperienced military lawyers, called civilian criminal attorneys into the various cases. One of the first was Berkeley civil liberties specialist David Weitzman, who was astonished to discover that only one military lawyer had bothered to file a writ of habeas corpus to get his client out of the brig: "Some of the Marine defense attorneys were trying to plea-bargain; they were seeking trial by judge even though criminal defendants almost always stand a better chance with a jury.

"The Marines prevented some of us from seeing our clients," Weitzman said. "In January I had set up a big meeting for interviews. But after I drove onto the base I was placed under arrest and detained for three hours. Then, without explanation, I was released, only to discover that all the witnesses I'd come to see had been sent away."

Weitzman and his fellow defense lawyers do not dispute the charge that their clients participated in the November 13 attack: "We take the same position the district attorney of San Francisco took in dropping charges against two Jewish men who burned down a Nazi bookstore. We believe the attack was the direct result of racist provocations. [The Klan] incited the blacks to vigilantism in self-defense. In view of the Corps' failure to protect these men we feel all charges should be dropped."

At this writing, proceedings against the 10 blacks have been stayed pending a court of military appeals hearing on a suit challenging the authority of Colonel M.A. Johnson, the court martial convening officer. The defense team is arguing that the colonel is in a conflict-of-interest position. Johnson, they contend, was responsible for maintaining good race relations in the 1FSSG, but failed to take any action against the Klan even though he was informed of their activities six weeks before the November 13 incident. This, the defense argues, disqualifies him.

Johnson refuses comment pending a ruling on the appeal (which is expected in June), but the NIS report confirms that he knew the identity of at least six Klansmen in his 1FSSG (including Campbell, Harper and Smith) in early October.

While Johnson's subordinates kept him apprised of interracial fights in noncommissioned officers clubs, mess halls and buses, he made no effort to report the situation to Pendleton Commanding General Carl Hoffman. This was due, in part, to the curious organization of the Marine base. Hoffman does not run all units directly, but acts as a kind of landlord, renting areas of the base to "tenant" Marine units. Thus, Hoffman can "truthfully" claim that he was "in the dark" about the Klan until November 13, because Johnson reports directly to a commander in Hawaii, not to him. However, it strains credulity to believe that Hoffman was not aware of what was going on.

"As far as we know, KKKers didn't attack anyone on this base," Commanding General Hoffman said. "The two or three incidents we know about [involved] Klansmen attacked by blacks"

In any case, in mid-December Hoffman dismissed the Pendleton Klan as an insignificant organization. Ignoring evidence turned up by the NIS study he commissioned, General Hoffman said: "As far as we know, KKKers didn't attack anyone on this base. The two or three incidents we know about [involved] Klansmen attacked by blacks."

Meanwhile, the situation continues to deteriorate. Reports of fresh cross-burnings on base, rifle and pistol sniping at black Marines and an attempt to asphyxiate a black Marine by three whites appear regularly in the San Diego newspapers. (Hoffman's reply to the last story was that the victim was trying to commit suicide in a latrine. The black Marine was found handcuffed to a shower stall with a plastic bag over his head and razor cuts in his arms.)

The American Civil Liberties Union has worked actively with lawyers defending the blacks accused in the November 13 beatings, and has offered to help Klan members thwart official Marine harassment, too. But the KKK chooses to fight alone: "I would prefer jail to ACLU help," fumed Exalted Cyclops Randall Clouse. Shortly after this, the Corps granted Clouse an administrative discharge.

Clouse is the fourth Pendleton Klansman to leave the Marines for administrative or medical reasons since November. Of all those scattered to various stateside bases late last year, four have been brought back to Pendleton for the court martial. Among them are Campbell, Harper and Smith, who are depressed because they've been subpoenaed as *defense* witnesses.

While waiting for the case to resume, however, they keep busy with Klan activities. Campbell, who is now an official statewide KKK den organizer, finds there aren't enough hours in the day to meet the interest generated by the nationally known Pendleton case. A featured speaker at Klanklaves, he says: "Since our den was dispersed, three new dens have opened at Pendleton. Membership has tripled to well over 200. The wonderful thing is that as these guys get shifted around they spread the word. It's fantastic, the Marine Corps pays to send our KKK missionaries everywhere. They don't have much trouble getting started; there are several thousand Klansmen already spread out at every major Marine base. I'm really optimistic. If the Klan can do a good job on the outside, think what it can do for the military."

Private Ronnie Harper seconds this view: "The wonderful thing about our organization is that no matter where the Marines send us we're only a phone call away from the Klan." Harper, the Marine who missed his marriage, still hopes he can patch things up with his ex-fiancee. He's been trying for months to set a new wedding date. Unfortunately, she refuses to take any of his phone calls: "I think the poor thing is still mad at me."

"It's a real tragedy," says Private Charles Von Smith sympathetically. "She was a beautiful girl."

"Sexy, just damn sexy," mutters Private Dennis Campbell. He beckons a Daisy's waitress for another round of beers. ●

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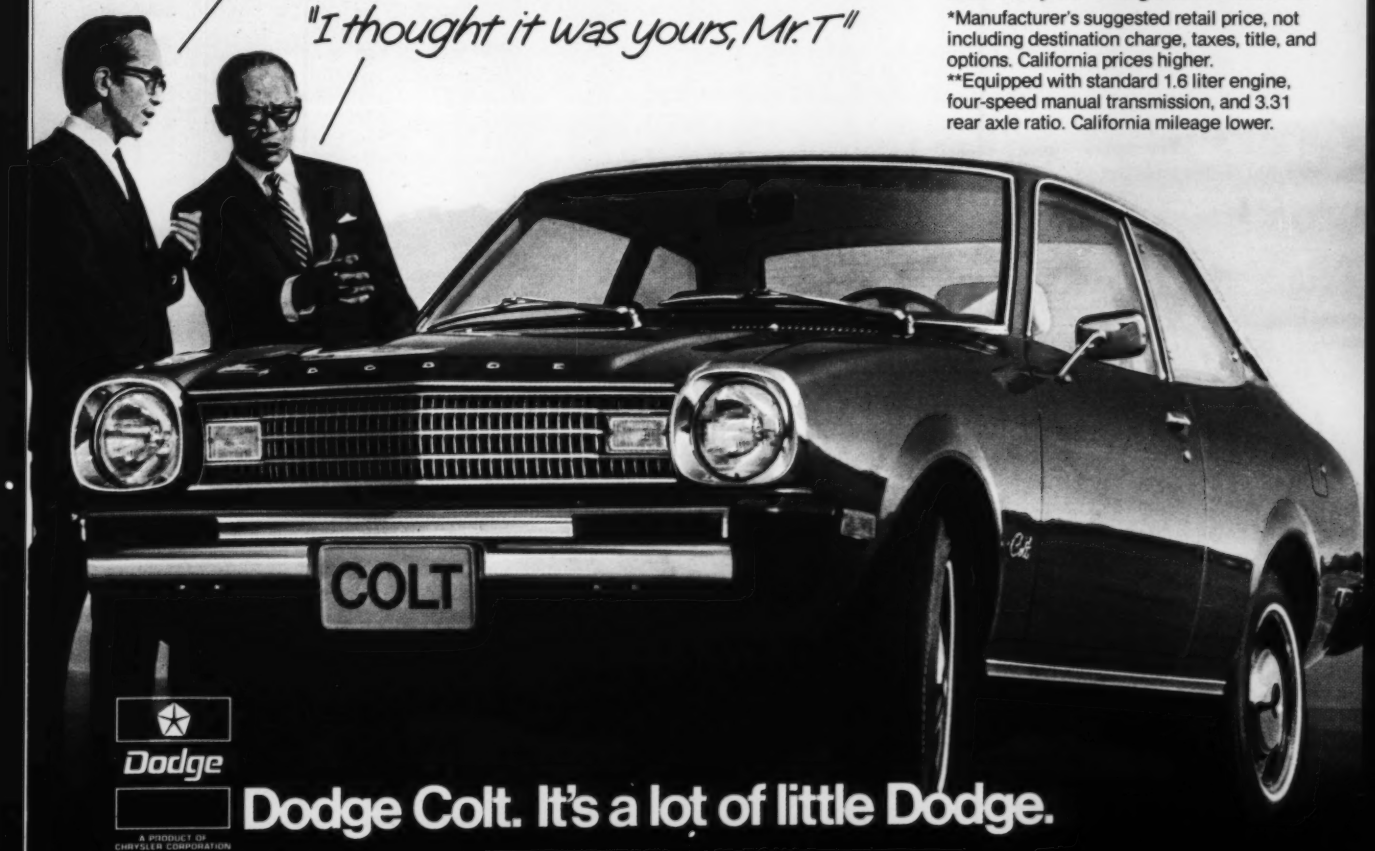

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Mahatma Gandhi goes to Seabrook

A small New Hampshire town witnesses the birth of the Nuclear Rage

By Stephen Diamond and Richard Asinof

To the village square we must carry the facts of atomic power. From there must come America's voice.

—Albert Einstein, 1946

"Seabrook doesn't need a twin nuclear plant, it needs its old dump back," Tony Santasucci, 69, says wearily but with long-suffering conviction. "Our selectmen gave the dump away for that nuke site, even though the people of this town voted against allowing the plant to be built here. If my vote as a citizen don't count, what's the use anymore?"

It is midnight, April 29, the night before the occupation of the site of Seabrook Station, a proposed 2,300-megawatt nuclear power plant on the southern end of New Hampshire's 20-mile Atlantic coastline. Tomorrow, 2,000 demonstrators plan to stream onto the site, create a "tent city" and try to disrupt the ongoing construction of the plant merely by their pacifist-oriented presence; theirs will be the first major attempt to halt nuclear construction in the United States by civil disobedience methods. Forty-eight hours from now, 1,414 of them will be under arrest or preventive detention, and the shock waves from Seabrook, population 5,700, will reverberate across the nation.

"It's going to be the Pentagon March of the seventies," says Guy Chichester, one of the antinuclear group coordinators, on the eve of the event, as the armies of this night camp down at five locations less than two miles from the nuclear site. Three hundred of them are sleeping on Tony Santasucci's land at an encampment known in occupiers' code as "South Friendly."

Tony and Louisa Santasucci, who moved to this tiny fishing and tourist village 13 years ago, own four-and-a-half acres of wooded land on the southern extremity of the nuclear plant site; their land falls right on the line of the Public Service Company's (PSC) "exclusion zone," an outer perimeter required by Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) guidelines.

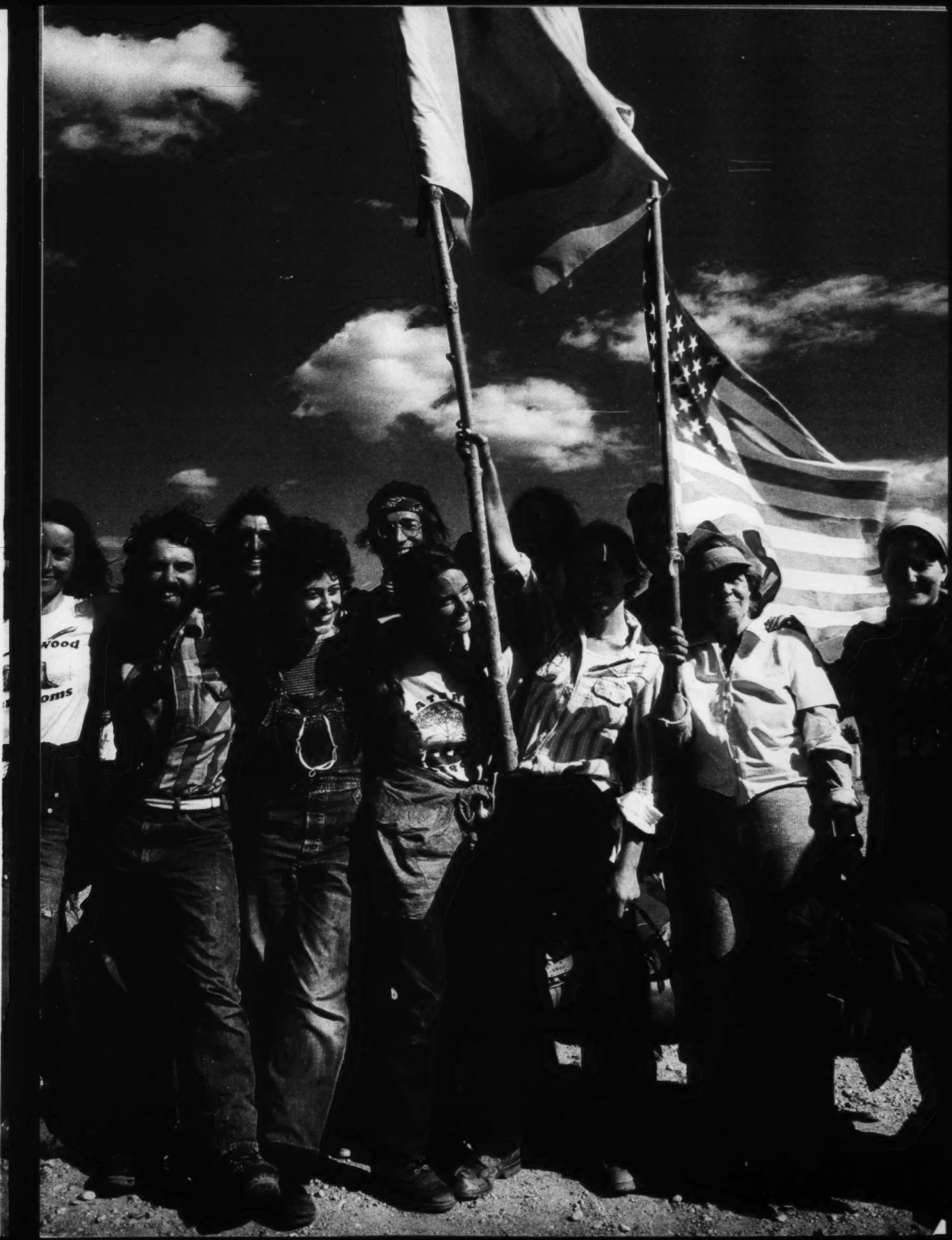
"First the utility tried sneaky ways to buy it from me," says Tony, perched on an old stool in his woodshed. A large flashlight rests in his lap. The short, ashen-haired old man is surrounded by eight, much younger occupiers, a small fraction of those camped behind Santasucci's trailers. "Public Service came in here, they dug holes without asking permission, on my land, and they said if I don't sell to them, they'll just take it by eminent domain. I ask you, *is that America*?"

"I know they need my land, according to the NRC ruling, but I ain't selling it," he adds emphatically. "Before they can start up those generators, they're going to have to come in here and move me 'n Louisa out. I agree with these kids and their protestin'. That's why they're camped out on my land here tonight."

Overhead, cutting through the still New Hampshire night, the sound of one of the PSC's army-style helicopters grows louder and louder. It circles over the campsite, scanning Santasucci's thick woods with a pair of high-intensity searchlights. It is a futile effort—visibility is practically nil—but the helicopters keep it up most of the night, passing over all five of the demonstrators' campsites again and again.

On Santasucci's land, there are over 100 tents, in which most of the occupational forces are now asleep. But under the hard glint of a three-quarter moon, 11 people of varying ages are standing in a circle, their arms extended over each others' shoulders. Three of them, in their early thirties, are veterans of the anti-Vietnam War movement, but none of the other eight have ever been arrested (though they have participated in previous antinuclear demonstrations). Four are New Hampshire residents, three from Vermont, two from Connecticut, two from Boston. They form an "affinity group," one cell out of 135 that together make up an umbrella organiza-

PHOTOGRAPH BY LIONEL DELEVINGNE



tion known as the Clamshell Alliance.

Known popularly as the "Clam," the operative word in Clamshell Alliance really is "Alliance." A quick look at the initial Clamshell roster goes something like this: N.H. Fisherman's Association, Audubon Society of New Hampshire, Upper Valley Energy Coalition, Greenleaf Harvester's Guild, Lyndenburgh Conservation Commission, and 23 other organizations, all hoping that such an umbrella might ward off the plutonium rain.

The 135 affinity groups are the cornerstone of the Alliance, and like this one chanting in the cool New Hampshire night ("The people, united, will never be defeated"), the members of each have undergone nonviolent training together and have pledged to sustain and support one another throughout the impending occupation. The training sessions, held during the past several weeks, were directed by members of the Quaker American Friends Service Committee and stressed methods of Gandhian nonviolent protest. Affinity groups took turns in "role-playing," some acting as cops, others as demonstrators, and still others as members of the press. Now, on the eve of the occupation, the demonstrators have worked through many of the possible scenarios between themselves and the 350-member State Police.

The Clamshell position, as outlined in *The Occupiers' Handbook* (and as presented in advance to the New Hampshire State Police), calls for seven principles on the part of the occupational force: no drugs, no alcohol, no running, no movement after dark, no destruction of property, no weapons and no violence.

Before retiring, the group still circled together on Tony Santasucci's land hums a last, long, collective Ommmm; it reflects the combined political-spiritual vibration that has characterized the Clamshell Alliance approach to antinuclear confrontations since its inception.

A few hundred yards away, Joan Marr, 30, of Packers Corner, Vermont, is taking her shift on the all-night watch. She stays awake reading Doris Lessing by flashlight, ears attuned for untoward noises in the bushes around the sleeping demonstrators.

"It's a simple conclusion, after all legal remedies fail," she says. "The only alternative is sitting-in, being arrested, until there are so many people coming to the site that they can't arrest them all." She pulls her parka tighter around herself. "Last August, at the very first occupation, 18 people were arrested. Three weeks later, 180. Now, just nine months later, we're hoping for 1,800 people to get onto the site. If things keep multiplying this way, the Clamshell could draw as many as 18,000 occupiers in six to eight month's time. That's how two plants were stopped in Germany, and there's no reason to think it can't happen here."

I would suggest to you that we just saw sharks along our coast the other day. And if we can handle sharks, in view of how much is being said now about sharks, I'm sure we can handle nuclear energy.

—Gov. Meldrim Thomson
August 6, 1976

The Public Service Company of New Hampshire, a private company which provides 90 percent of the state's energy, calls itself a "small outfit with big ideas." Certainly Seabrook Station was a big idea. Its current estimated cost is $2.5 billion, and if it is completed, it will be the largest single construction project in New England history. If built, the value of the plant will be more than 200 times the value of the town of Seabrook itself.

Back in 1971, when PSC first announced its plans for the mammoth nuclear facility, the Seabrook locale appeared to be especially advantageous. With the Atlantic only two miles from the site, there would be easy access to the 750,000 gallons of water per minute needed to cool the radioactively hot reactor core. Official plans called for a 3.5-mile-long pipe, 19 feet in diameter, which would suck ocean water into the body of the plant, run it once through the core and then back out to sea.

There was one problem with this proposed cooling system, however: The outflowing water would be 40 degrees warmer than when it entered. The higher temperatures would, the PSC admitted, kill at least 5 percent of all aquatic life forms within a 2.5-mile radius of the pipe. Ernest Salo, the only member of the Atomic and Safety Licensing Board (ASLB) to vote against granting the original construction permit, argued that such a destructive impact on commercial and recreational fishing was itself sufficient to deny a permit. Salo, however, was out-voted 2–1; it was the first split decision in the history of the NRC's own licensing agency.

There was also the evacuation problem. Seabrook is just one of a string of tourist and fishing towns whose main access to the outside world is Route 1, a two-lane black-top, jammed bumper-to-bumper every weekend in the summer. Opponents of the plant charge that in the event of a melt-down or some other catastrophe at the facility, evacuation of the millions of summer people in a 60-mile radius would be next to impossible.

So there were problems with Seabrook—and there was the idea of that radioactive residue whose lifespan is said to exceed 25,000 years. But there was also the promise of "clean, cheap and inexhaustible power," as the PSC put it, so few observers doubted that Seabrook Station would proceed to be built on schedule.

Perhaps they underestimated the growing environmental concern of New Hampshire citizens, who in recent years first had shot down Aristotle Onassis' plans for an oil refinery in their state and then had rejected a proposed pulp mill for the town of Durham. For it was in this spirit, in March of 1976, that the citizens of Seabrook voted in a town referendum 768–632 against construction of the plant.

"It was only an *opinion* vote," Governor Meldrim Thomson would later insist—"a non-binding vote." Legally, Thomson was correct, but Yankees—and New Hampshirites in particular—are staunch defenders of the home-rule concept. So when Thomson, a conservative Republican who strongly advocated home-rule during his successful 1976 campaign for a third gubernatorial term, overruled the voters of Seabrook and ordered construction of the nuclear plant to continue, many citizens throughout the region were outraged.

With the help of William Loeb, the powerful publisher of the *Manchester Union-Leader*, Thomson argued that the importance of Seabrook extended far beyond state or local politics. Seabrook Station, as Thomson correctly foresaw it, would be the front line in a suddenly escalating worldwide controversy over nuclear energy.

Last July, two weeks after Seabrook Station was given a "conditional" construction license by the NRC, a Federal Court of Appeals ordered a moratorium on all U.S. nuclear plant licensing. Seabrook opponents argued that since the Seabrook permit was granted while the federal court ruling was being prepared, the permit should be canceled; the Atomic Safety and Licensing Board agreed and withdrew it. Two days later, Gerald Ford—under intense public pressure from Governor Thomson—was on

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Steve Diamond last wrote for New Times *about the Panama Canal; Richard Asinof is managing editor of the* Valley Advocate, *Amherst, Mass.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LIONEL DELEVINGNE

PHOTOGRAPH BY LIONEL DELEVINGNE

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTIN ADLER LEVICK/BLACK STAR

May Day, Law Day: As pacifist occupiers gathered at Seabrook, Gov. Meldrim Thomson called for state trooper aid from Maine, Vermont, Connecticut. Massachusetts Gov. Michael Dukakis rejected Thomson's request

the phone to NRC commissioners, insisting that they reinstate the license, which they did.

Meanwhile, however, the Clamshell Alliance was gathering momentum. Eighteen people were arrested at the first Clamshell demonstration on the Seabrook site last August 1; three weeks later, it took 200 state troopers nine hours to arrest and remove 180 demonstrators.

"I've lived here all my life," Carlene Peruse, 61, explained at one of the August occupations, "and our family lives a mile-and-a-half from the site. I don't believe any of these nuclear plants are safe. It won't really affect me since I'm already old, but I'm thinking about the younger ones, the coming generations. The long-term activity of that waste is so dangerous, even under normal plant operations." A great-grandmother, Mrs. Peruse, as chairwoman of Concerned Citizens of Seabrook, led a group of 30 other grandparents and their grandchildren in an attempt to block the utility's ground-breaking ceremony last August 6.

That effort failed, but other forces were clouding the future of Seabrook Station. On November 15, 1976, EPA Regional Director John McGlennon issued a report which stated that the cooling system designed for Seabrook was unacceptable to the EPA. Again, the NRC stepped in, arguing that since the cooling system had nothing to do with early phases of construction, the work at the site could continue. (The cooling system problem has yet to be resolved.)

Then, in late November of last year, PSC president William Tallman announced that delays and cost overruns were rising far beyond expectations and that the company was losing some $10–15 million monthly. On top of that, a series of walkouts and strikes plagued PSC throughout the fall. Investment banks, which had contributed a healthy chunk of the Seabrook financial package, began to get cold feet. In early January of this year, Tallman announced that the utility would cut down its work force from 800 to 200 on-site workers.

By late April, as the Clamshell Alliance prepared to occupy the Seabrook site 2,000 strong, Governor Thomson appeared to have grown desperate over the fate of the increasingly controversial nuclear plant. "Our advance information indicates that the planned demonstration of April 30 is nothing but a cover for terrorist activity," Thomson told the *Manchester Union-Leader* two days before the occupation attempt. "Confrontation is a vital part of their plan. Once they legally occupy the site, they do not

plan to leave alive." Although the Clamshell Alliance had gone to great lengths to inform both the governor and Lt. Colonel Paul C. Doyon, head of the State Police, that their protest would be totally nonviolent, Thomson insisted that the impending occupation "is the destructive doctrine of revolutionaries and communists."

I would like to call your attention to the fact that this is a minority group demonstrating out there. If they were really serious, if there were that much concern about our advancement into the nuclear age, you would have seen literally hundreds of people out there instead of a mere handful.

—Gov. Meldrim Thomson
Seabrook Station groundbreaking
August 6, 1976

PHOTOGRAPH BY LIONEL DELEVINGNE

Greening the nuke: Members of the Clamshell 18, armed with saplings, march to the nuclear plant site, August 1, 1976

"We just heard from the west area campsite; there are over 900 people planning to enter from that direction." Nina Simon's voice comes through her battery-operated megaphone and wafts across the crowd of 350 seated on the ground. "It could mean that close to 2,000 altogether will be occupying the site this afternoon."

It is Saturday, April 30, 2:30 p.m., zero hour minus 30 minutes. As members of the 15 affinity groups here at the North Friendly campsite prepare for the 40-minute march across open marshland toward Seabrook Station, Simon continues broadcasting last-minute information that will be useful to the demonstrators. She is one of four coordinators at North Friendly, a small island in the middle of the marsh, just two miles from the South Friendly camp on Tony Santasucci's property.

From the island, one can see the nuclear site less than a half-mile away, a denuded space surrounded at its outer edges by a shrinking forest. Several rows of 19-foot-long cooling pipes lie on their sides. Two cranes are visible, as are several large, prefab, warehouselike structures, behind which is a huge cement-mixing machine five stories high.

In the warehouses, unbeknownst to the protesters, 250 state policemen are billeted, killing time, waiting for orders from the governor.

But from the island, the site looks naked, vulnerable, almost beckoning. It is defended seemingly only by a three-and-a-half-foot-high snow fence, thin wooden slats held together by bailing wire, easily tumbled or vaulted. There are less than 20 uniformed private security guards on the site. The North Friendly occupiers, taking turns looking through binoculars, are incredulous.

Overhead, the helicopters from the night before are circling again, but today's gawkers include the media, in rented copters of their own. More than 600 reporters have applied for the special State Police press passes, and some 400 of them now are on the scene. (Ten of them will be arrested with the occupiers before the day is out.)

From the air, the occupation of Seabrook Station looks like a huge terrestrial mandala. The marchers approach in weaving, colorful lines from the four points of the compass, moving inexorably toward a common center: a vast gaping hole at the heart of the plant site, a space designed to house the reactor core with its radioactive fuel, the deadliest substance yet created by man.

It takes close to an hour before the first affinity group, from the east, reaches the edge of the fence around the site; once there, no closed gate prohibits their entry. Suddenly, a large American flag is visible at Seabrook's western entrance; just behind it, an explosion of people, hundreds of them, swarms onto the Public Service Company property. The approaching North Friendly marchers can't believe their eyes, can't believe that there is no opposition by the handful of private guards at the open gates. No State Police or National Guardsmen are in evidence. Other than No Trespassing signs, the 20-acre site is as open as a public park.

By the time the North Friendly contingent arrives at the utility property, the air is charged with excitement. A thousand people already are at the heart of the site, occupying a central dirt parking lot. The jubilant cheering, clapping and singing is more reminiscent of Woodstock than of the Pentagon March.

A 12-foot-high chain link separates the occupiers in the parking lot from the prefab warehouses, and from the 30 visible state troopers.

The message comes down from Clamshell central that the Public Service Company and Governor Thomson have decided to allow the occupiers to camp in the plant's parking lot overnight. "Man, this is the beginning of the end for this nuke," says an exuberant kid from Boston University, his bearded face stretched to its limits in a broad grin: "Once they let us have a taste of it, it's all over."

But a taste is all it is to be. With no workers on site over the weekend, the utility and state officials had made the only tactically sound move possible. Attempting to stop the marchers en route would have been too difficult, with 350 cops confronting 2,000 protestors. Wiser to allow the occupiers onto the site, in a semi-cordoned parking lot, and then arrest them there the next day.

By nightfall, 500 tents have gone up on the dusty parking lot. The occupiers' "Congress," their decision-making body, convenes to discuss the next tactical move. Water jugs are ferried in as the PSC decides to leave the main entrance completely open. Throughout the night, people come and go as they please, as if

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"It's a transitory period. There's a lot of things in the music scene that are going to emerge. There's this energy, this excitement..."

—Van Morrison

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—Timothy Ferris, Penthouse

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On Warner Bros. Records and Tapes

Inside the Portsmouth Armory

As we go to press, over 700 of the 1,414 Seabrook demonstrators arrested on May Day are still being held in five New Hampshire armories and two county jails. Governor Meldrim Thomson, estimating the cost of feeding, housing and guarding the protestors to be $50,000 a day, has requested contributions from private citizens, groups and corporations. The final cost may in fact be much higher, since the Clamshell Alliance has instituted a federal class-action suit on behalf of the 1,414, claiming substandard conditions in the makeshift prison armories. The suit asks for $3.5 million in damages, plus $5,000 for every day an individual was kept in an armory.

Many of those arrested were released on $100–$500 bail, but over 1,200 refused bail unless authorities would release *everyone* on his or her own recognizance. Seventeen persons have already come to trial, been found guilty of criminal trespass and sentenced to $100 fines and 15 days in jail at hard labor. Clamshell attorneys are confident that these "extraordinarily" tough sentences for simple criminal trespass will be overturned on appeal.

New Times' correspondent Deborah Weiner, still incarcerated at the Portsmouth Armory, made three attempts to call in her story about life inside the detention facility, but was repeatedly cut off by National Guard authorities, who imposed a strict two-minute limit on all phone calls:

"The first six nights I was here," Weiner reported, "most of the 125 detainees now left inside Portsmouth responded to the regular 10 p.m. lights out, with men and women quietly agreeing to being separated by a long thick rope across the armory floor. On Saturday, though, the men and the women wouldn't stop singing, feeling that the separation was the latest in a series of attempts by the National Guardsmen to quash the unifying spirit of the Seabrook prisoners.

"In the other armories, men and women have mingled freely, with each other, and with the guards. Prisoners at the Manchester Armory have a tiny mongrel puppy as their mascot, a gift from one of the guardsmen, who named him 'No Nuke Luke.' Several guards there have said in television interviews they too would occupy the Seabrook site if they could.

"Our armory is different since it is headquarters for the National Guard. No artwork is permitted to hang on the cinderblock walls, and phone privileges are severely limited. To get to the portable johns, you've got to go with two other detainees and a guard, although sometimes toilet requests are refused. At first, conditions were especially difficult. We weren't allowed *any* phone calls, not to lawyers, not to seek bail. Many of us were detained for over 20 hours without being booked.

"Captain Bligh for our prison is a Sergeant Ripberger who won't reveal his first name and who . . ." *Click*.

the utility has suddenly abandoned its embattled property. CB communication is established between the occupational forces and Clamshell central in nearby Hampton Falls. Two carloads of drunks have started to drive down toward the site, and so the "Clam" must improvise its own security system; it hadn't occurred to the Alliance that the utility would desert its own site.

By noon the next day, Sunday, May Day, Law Day, the word is out: the arrests are to begin at two in the afternoon. The occupiers prepare themselves, fold up their tents, and clean up the parking lot. Security guards for PSC reestablish control of the entrance guard booth. State Police with bullhorns announce that anyone who wants to leave may do so, but anyone on the property at 2 p.m. will be subject to arrest, news personnel not excluded.

When Governor Thomson's helicopter descends on the site, the last traces of jubilation evaporate. Suddenly, an undercurrent of paranoia flows through the parking lot, the fear of potential violence on the part of the troopers who've been cooped up for 24 hours in the warehouses on the other side of the chain-link fence.

The governor has arrived to personally supervise the arrests, but the operation will take over 15 hours, ending at dawn the next morning, by which time he will be long since gone.

Dressed in his best gray flannels, with a tiny American flag pin Nixon-like in his boutonnierre, Thomson is petitioned by Elizabeth Boardman, 60, spokeswoman and negotiator for the occupational forces, to meet with them. After some consultation, Thomson and Lt. Colonel Doyon, the State Police commander, along with four security men, agree to meet with six representatives from the Alliance. Boardman, a mother of six from Acton, Massachusetts, is among the founders of the Clamshell Alliance. She seems a far cry from the "terrorists" whom Thomson had denounced four days earlier.

Face-to-face with the governor, while media people buzz like flies around them, snapping photos, scribbling notes, Elizabeth Boardman politely tells him that if he "truly is interested in the desires of the people of New Hampshire," he ought to respect the majority vote against the plant by the citizens of Seabrook last March.

"In my judgment," Thomson tells her, "and certainly in the judgment of the people of the state of New Hampshire, I disagree. I'm governor of the state. I'm in charge." He notes that the occupiers are criminally trespassing on private property, and that it is, after all, Law Day.

As commander of the New Hampshire State Police, Paul Doyon has always seemed embarrassed at having to deal with the pacifists. "I didn't come here to be a diplomat," he says now. "We've been here since Friday. We're all Americans, living up to our own personal sense of duty. It would be my wish that you all leave the occupation site. You have fulfilled your goals, you've dominated the front pages of newspapers, TV and radio. We would encourage you to call it a weekend and go home."

"Our purpose," replies Elizabeth Boardman, "was not simply to draw attention to the occupation and capture media attention, but to stop all construction on the proposed nuclear plant here at Seabrook."

"The world has felt the overall impact of your presence," Doyon says, "and people who remain now will be convicted of a misdemeanor. Most of you are 'noncriminal' people. I'd be sorry to see that happen."

"We're all mutually sorry," Boardman says.

Later, as she awaits her turn to be lifted into one of the 15 National Guard convoy trucks and driven off to the makeshift armory prisons, Elizabeth Boardman speaks of the occupation: "I think we have achieved something here today. People have grown and developed over the past year to keep this thing going. It's been one of the best nonviolent demonstrations of the last 20 years. Unlike the civil rights and antiwar movements, this one is not built on frustrated rage, but on a positive sense of trying to protect the future of our planet."●

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PLAYING RECORDS AND POCKET DICTIONARIES

BY JONATHAN BLACK

Payne Whitney Clinic. Room 229-B. Thirty assembled shrinks, psych interns, Ph.D.'s and social workers sit expectantly huddled on wooden chairs, eyes glued on the one-way mirror of Room 229. Hushed silence as the connecting door opens. It is Her, white doctor's coat buttoned over brown velour suit, a trim, petite woman with dark, penetrating eyes. Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan, the Madame Nhu of sex therapists.

"You remember from last week, this is a case of retarded ejaculation. He's a penniless psychologist, his girlfriend's a well-to-do lawyer. He's never ejaculated in the presence of a woman. The sig [prescription] I gave last week was for Sarah to receive orgasm first, then stimulate Robert. As soon as he gets excited and reaches an unacceptable anxiety level she's to leave the room and Robert masturbates till orgasm. Any predictions?"

"I think it's going to work," ventures one doctor. "*If* they do the sigs."

"But not with a satisfactory level of pleasure and arousal," replies Kaplan. "She's pressing for a relationship—he's distant and removed. He can't stand love or intimacy. And the more *she* gets the more she'll want. This is bigger than a genital problem. I still expect resistance. Alright, they're waiting outside. I don't want to raise their anxiety level further."

The shades are pulled, lights dimmed. Amid the rustle of notebooks Dr. Kaplan returns to the treatment room and takes the chair facing the mirror. Enter Robert and Sarah.

As Kaplan predicted, it didn't go very well, the weekend was grim. Saturday. Robert wasn't interested. Sunday morning, supposedly Robert's "optimum time," they lounged in bed with the *New York Times*. Eventually they did make love—but with little gusto from Robert. Robert proposed tennis. Sarah said later. Robert got up and made lunch, returned to bed. Nothing. Around three they went out and played tennis. By nightfall it dawned on Sarah: "I realized nothing was going to happen."

"You were hurt," prompts Kaplan.

"I felt I had to *ask*. I felt like a hooker."

"So," sums up Kaplan, "all of a sudden, boom, he loses his desire." To Robert: "Do you think you're afraid to just let yourself go and really *screw*?"

Robert guesses that's it. He's anxious, can't sleep, even masturbation makes him uncomfortable. And sometimes they're in bed so long, like last Sunday . . .

Sarah laughs unsympathetically. "It wasn't more than a couple of hours. He thinks I'm some insatiable . . ."

"It was much *more* than two hours," protests Robert. "It was at least four."

"How could it have been *four*? We woke up at eleven. You made lunch . . ."

"Alright, alright. Let's not waste time," says Kaplan, and swivels to Richard: "Have you ejaculated at all?"

The assembled staff leans forward, pens poised.

"Yes, on Tuesday night. Masturbating . . ."

"So you *did* come," says Kaplan triumphantly. "First you had intercourse?"

Robert nods.

"Then Sarah left the room?"

Nods.

"And you masturbated?"

"Yes. But I felt a lot of . . . anxiety."

Time's running out. Kaplan gives her sigs. Saturday night, Sunday morning and Tuesday night they're going to have sex. No session to last more than 45 minutes, in deference to Robert's "time anxiety." Take turns "pleasuring." Saturday Robert pleasures Sarah first. Sun-

ILLUSTRATION BY VINCENT TOPAZIO

BEDTIME STORIES

When *Human Sexual Response* was published in 1966, it's doubtful that anyone—even Masters and Johnson—realized what a torrid affair was in the making. But the Age of Aquarius was upon us, and in the next ten years thousands of sex-related books—how-to's, when-to's, novels and confessionals—were published. Everyone involved made money and, if we are to believe the dust jackets, the readers led happier sex lives. Sales of Jackie Susann's books topped 50 million copies; David Reuben, Alex Comfort and a score of others showed up on the bestseller list. At present, four pages of *Books in Print* are devoted to titles starting with the word sex.

And why not? Here were all the answers to all the questions anyone had ever thought to ask about sex: Going through middle-age crisis? Look to Gail Sheehy's diamond. Obsessed with masturbation? Meet Portnoy. What's more, these answers came cheap—just a couple of bucks, if you waited for the paperback edition.

Still, the American reading public is a fickle lot, and recently some publishers have started to back away from the sex-help genre, even to the point of canceling some manuscripts that are in the works. Publishing's affair with sex, it seems, has at last reached its climax.

Title	Author	Copies in Print*	Estimated Gross†
Sensuous Woman	"J"	9,090,000	$16,515,000
Everything You've Always Wanted to Know About Sex . . .	David Reuben	8,200,000	15,990,000
Happy Hooker	Xaviera Hollander	7,100,000	11,360,000
Fear of Flying	Erica Jong	5,255,000	10,762,750
Sensuous Man	"M"	5,000,000	10,450,000
Xaviera, Xaviera Goes Wild, Letters to the Happy Hooker	Xaviera Hollander	5,000,000	8,625,000
Joy of Sex	Alex Comfort	4,452,000	33,489,400
Portnoy's Complaint	Philip Roth	4,390,000	10,335,150
Total Woman	Marabel Morgan	3,750,000	10,725,000
Looking for Mr. Goodbar	Judith Rossner	3,160,000	7,122,000
Sensuous Couple	Robert Chartham	2,500,000	4,375,000
Open Marriage	Nena O'Neill and George O'Neill	2,167,000	5,060,650
Any Woman Can	David Reuben	1,900,000	5,415,000
Deep Throat	D. M. Perkins	1,425,000	2,137,500
More Joy of Sex	Alex Comfort	973,000	8,589,350
Pleasure Bond	Masters and Johnson	750,000	2,512,500
Passages	Gail Sheehy	300,000	5,475,000

*Figures include hardback and paperback, where applicable, but do not include book club editions.

ILLUSTRATION BY CLAUDIA KARABAIC

day Sarah goes first. Sarah can have orgasm whenever she wants. Robert, *no* orgasm allowed till Tuesday. "Do you have that? Maybe you could repeat it back."

"Saturday night," says Sarah, "he pleasures me first. Sunday I pleasure him. Tuesday, when he's ready to come . . ."

Cut to the Plaza Hotel. The Baroque Room no less. The subject at 9:05 a.m. this morning is "Physiological Responsivity of Normal and Sexually Dysfunctional Women during Erotic Stimulus Exposure." The erotic stimulus, in this case, is a black and white videotape of a couple engaged in foreplay. And how is responsivity measured? With the "Peter Hoon Device," a definite improvement, says Peter Hoon, over the John Geer device. And what, exactly, *is* the Peter Hoon device? Quite simply, says Hoon, pointing to the projected slide, "an acrylic probe with a light-emitting diode which diffuses light on the vaginal barrel which is then reflected back to a transistor photocell that activates a lever on the potentiameter which is directly connected to the polygraph. May we have the next slide, please."

The next slide is a graph that demonstrates conclusively, says Hoon, that in terms of Vaginal Capillary Engorgement, "the 'normals' stay right up there with the 'clinicals.'"

Promptly, at 9:25, a second platoon, from Mt. Sinai's Department of Psychiatry, assumes the dais to report on 100 impotent men placed in Mt. Sinai's Sleep Lab. Each man was fitted with a "mercury-filled rubber-band device," then measured for Nocturnal Penile Tumescence. The concern here was whether the size of the hard-on represented its full *potential* size (T-Max). This was solved by awakening patients and having them assess their erection and/or promptly masturbate. Quite important, since the researchers estimate 80 percent of T-Max is required for Insertion. The results? The psychogenic impotent enjoyed three times as many erections as the organically impotent. Also longer and larger. Ergo: NPT is an excellent diagnostic test to separate the psychologically impotent, who might improve with therapy, from the organically impotent, who might require a penile implant.

And this is only the beginning. Over the next two days this elite, rabid gathering of 200 M.D.'s, Ph.D.'s,

Jonathan Black is a New York-based free-lance writer. This is his first appearance in New Times.

Ed.D.'s and M.S.W.'s will be swapping the latest research info on Plasma Testesterone, Sexual Dysfunction in Gay Couples, Erotic Issues in Co-Therapy, Surgical Management of Penile Erectile Impotence, the Treatment of Premature Ejaculation by Time-Limited Group Therapy, Transexualism and the Use of Hypnosis in Sex. No less than 30 featured topics at this, the Third Annual Meeting of EAST (Eastern Association for Sex Therapy). A few bold renegades will even slink downstairs to hear James Burt, M.D., who, spurned by the EASTablishment, has rented his own private room to hype his highly unorthodox surgery that tampers with God's hand and transfers the clitoris an inch south to a more reasonable, accessible site (4,000 satisfied customers to date, claims Burt).

Moreover, the EAST attendants are just sex therapy's College of Cardinals. Nobody knows the total population of practicing sex therapists, but estimates range from five to fifteen thousand. Nationally, there are more than 150 universities, hospitals and clinics that currently offer sex therapy training. In San Francisco, the Institute for Advanced Study in Human Sexuality is now qualified to grant the country's first Doctor of Philosophy in Human Sexuality. And the training facilities can hardly keep pace with demand. At the prestigious Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center, the waiting list for doctors far outdistances that for patients. Quarterly seminar/workshops throughout the country, sponsored by Masters and Johnson, alone drew 2,000 budding sexperts last year. In fact, so abundant is this thriving new breed of therapist and so loose the qualifications for playing "doctor" that AASECT (American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists, a national organization larger than EAST) has launched an intensive "certification" drive aimed at protecting the innocent public from massage-parlor quacks and charlatans.

"We're literally *flooded* with applications, over 50 a week," declares Pat Schiller, director and founder of AASECT. "After all, sex therapy's incredibly lucrative. You get anywhere from $35 to $100 an hour." So it's no surprise that many a shrink, ob/gyn and social worker has changed his shingle to "Sex Therapist." Business is very good. Just ask that legendary duo, the Zussmans—Leon (M.D.) and Shirley (Ed.D.). They barely had time to squeeze in the EAST confab, what with Leon directing the LIJ sexuality program, and the both of them seeing 20 couples a week in private practice (at $100 per session), taping a weekly radio show syndicated in 50 cities and presiding at command performances like their recent two-week Caribbean cruise. Responding to popular requests, the Zussmans showed films and delivered 28 hours of accredited lecture on sex to a boatload of physicians. And it looks like there will be more cruises, Leon predicts excitedly: "At first the captain was a little skeptical. But by the second night the entire crew was auditing—and the captain was running the projector!" (Though the Zussmans are reluctant to divulge their exact income, their combined endeavors would seem to net a healthy $100,000 annually.) And how many therapists like them are there? At the very bottom line, estimates place the number at 5,000. If each therapist sees 20 patients, with a thrice-yearly turnover (average sex therapy duration is 15 weeks), at $50 a session, then sex therapy is a $225-million-a-year business.

And for the enterprising therapist business need not be limited to mano a mano guidance. Help is now provided in the media format of your choice.

Any sex therapist worth his/her sig has tossed off one of those chummy self-help manuals complete with lovely pen-and-ink drawings. One Payne Whitney former staffer, Dr. Dolores Keller, packed a $14.95 "Human Sexuality Kit" on tape cassettes: an encyclopedic yet chatty series of lectures, exercises and general encouragement—all in a handy blue vinyl carry-case. And for those seeking less raw data and more schmaltz, Don Sloane, former director of New York Medical College's Sex Therapy Center, offers a slick double lp, *The Pleasures of Love*, an erotic tone poem that progresses, via musical metaphor, from basic body-image work ("a solo") to the final sensuous chords of a Symphony.

Or, if you're in the market for something thrifty, the porn mags have hopped into the act. They provide sex Magi like the famed Dr. Robert Chartham, who nurtures and advises the libidinally distressed each month from the pages of the *Penthouse/Viva* operation. Chartham is as reliable as a Dutch uncle in the front of the magazines, even as his ad for the "Chartham Method of Penile Enlargement"—$29.95, brown wrapper included—appears in the back pages among cock rings, cut-out panties and other mail-order miracles. Sexual curiosity—prurient or earnest—has even spawned an entire new magazine subindustry: the 4x6 slip-em-in-your-pocket "adviser" format. To wit: *Love, Sexolo-*

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gy, Playgirl Adviser and, ruling the roost, *Penthouse Forum. Forum*'s circulation doubled last year to a hefty 600,000.

Meanwhile, on the tube, Dr. Laura Singer, guru of big-city marriage counselors, hosts *Living Together* on WNEW-TV—a series of dramatized therapy sessions wherein the troubled couple on the couch pour out their hearts and thwarted sexuality. Having deciphered the problem at hand, Singer faces the camera and guarantees: "Help is available—all you have to do is Ask."

Sex therapy shows every sign of a bullish future. Yet sexual illiteracy still runs rampant. The fact that Larry Flynt is turning us into a nation of gynecologists has yet to alter the uneasy ignorance most Americans still suffer. "Every night we're telling someone where the clitoris is," says Mike Carrera, director of New York City's sex "hot-line." "There's vast ignorance, covered up by sophistication," confirms Al Freedman, *Penthouse Forum*'s editor. Do 50,000 annual letters and queries lie? When I inquired if, just possibly, some of these letters might not have been concocted in *Forum*'s editorial office, Freedman looked deeply offended. He buzzed a secretary who promptly produced an armload of handwritten notes postmarked from Maine to Utah. "We don't *have* to make them up—we're up to our ass in letters! We get a thousand letters each month on masturbation alone. Take penile problems. *Thousands* of queries. Men who're worried they're too big, too small, bent, limp, have warts. We can only use a *fraction* of the penis letters."

If it were just ignorance, or prurient curiosity, then the combined media onslaught of porn and illustrated How-To guides might soon drive the therapists into sextinction. But improving sex can sometimes require more than an encouraging word from Dr. Chartham, or a squirt of baby oil. There are, unhappily, certain stubborn problems that go by the official name "Sexual Dysfunctions," and these break down, crudely but equitably, to the Big Six: premature ejaculation, retarded ejaculation (erection without ejaculation), impotence, vaginismus (muscle spasms), frigidity (inability to lubricate) and anorgasmia (inability to come).

It isn't all quite that neat. Some of these categories, like retarded ejaculation and impotence, subdivide to primary and secondary; a term like "anorgasmia" requires much qualification; and even premature ejaculation presents some thorny definitional hurdles. Thus we have the Time versus Thrust debate. One clinic accepts a patient for treatment if he ejaculates prior to ten thrusts. Those who consider the thrust-count crude consult the stopwatch, though even here is considerable room for controversy, ranging from 30 seconds to a somewhat more generous two minutes. Masters and Johnson take a half-clinical, half-feminist line, and define the premature ejaculator as the man who reaches orgasm before his wife more than 50 percent of the time. Dr. Kaplan states bluntly: "prematurity [is the] . . . inability to exert voluntary control over the ejaculatory reflex."

Whatever the definition, sex therapists welcome the premature ejaculator with a confident smile and virtual money-back guarantee. Though the Masters and Johnson "squeeze" is currently less in vogue than urologist James Semans' patented 1958 "start-stop" technique, either tactic assures the cooperative patient (meaning the one who does "homework" exercises) of a 95 percent cure rate.

Far less susceptible to sure-fire cure, however, are impotence and especially retarded ejaculation. At the discussion following the Robert-Sarah session, Kaplan told her assembled staff: "This is a frightened guy. It's a pre-Oedipal mess. The question is: is the symptom too deep to bypass? And can we even get the symptom to *budge*?"

Each man was fitted with a mercury-filled rubber-band device, then measured for Nocturnal Penile Tumescence. The concern here was to measure whether the hard-on was full potential size—"T-Max"

"Do you know, I've never *had* a case of retarded ejaculation in Albany," offered a sex therapist from Albany.

"I'll be glad to send you one!" chirped another. "I've got plenty. And they're tough. *Very* tough."

While male dysfunctions can be fairly readily tagged, for the female half the problem may be figuring out what's a "dysfunction" and what isn't. Thus the main event at the EAST weekend was a little topic called "Sex in DSM 111, or 'I Know What It Is, but What Do I Call It?' " This turned out to be nothing less than the American Psychiatric Association reporting on its mighty, internal semantic battles with the third edition of the Diagnostic and Statistic Manual (DSM 111). A particular stumbling block was the female orgasm, or lack thereof, and to demonstrate the problem Dr. Kaplan abandoned the dais for the blackboard, where she chalked up the old reliable Bell Curve.

The curve rose from *no* orgasm (frigid, maybe 5 percent of all women) to orgasm sans partner (masturbation, maybe 20 percent), then leveled off and peaked with the bulk of women who require "clitoral assistance." It then dropped to orgasm with*out* clitoral assistance (the mythologized "vaginal orgasm," another 20 percent) and finally trailed off with that rare woman who climaxes with nothing touched at all (fantasy, maybe 3 percent).

"So where," asked Kaplan, raising her pointer, "does 'pathology' lie?"

Tricky question. Is it "pathological" to require a friendly clitoral tweak? Did God create the Bell Curve? Did Shere Hite? When a woman wanders into a sex clinic and complains she's "dysfunctional," doesn't have orgasm during intercourse, do you try and preach the glories of vaginal orgasm "and risk picketing?" asked Kaplan.

No answer from the assembled pros. Sex therapy in the Era of DSM-111 is still highly experimental, still probing its mandates and territory. Already the Big Six are the simple problems of yesterday: today sex therapists are beginning to include neuroses grabbed from the psychiatrist's couch and claim them as "sex dysfunctions." These include such elusive mega-categories as "intimacy inhibition," "inhibition of desire," and sometimes even "aversion" and "boredom." Psychiatrists, in turn, have hauled out the yellow flag to warn the heady "sexperts" that not all life's problems can be solved with a cooperative squeeze or a groovy film on massage. "Sex therapy, isolated from marital and emotional problems, can be dangerous," warns Dr. Alex Levay, EAST vice-president and a psychiatrist specializing in sex. "Don't forget, a lot of people without credentials have gotten into the act just because they're good at screwing." "There's more to sex therapy than just teaching people how to screw."

William Masters has charged that of approximately 5,000 nationwide sex clinics maybe 100 can be "trusted." In the New York City metropolitan area the private LIJ-Hillside clinic probably offers the ultimate in classy professional guidance. Cost is high—$1,500 for 15 sessions—but patients, mostly couples, get their money's worth: conjoint (male-female) therapy teams, the Zussmans'

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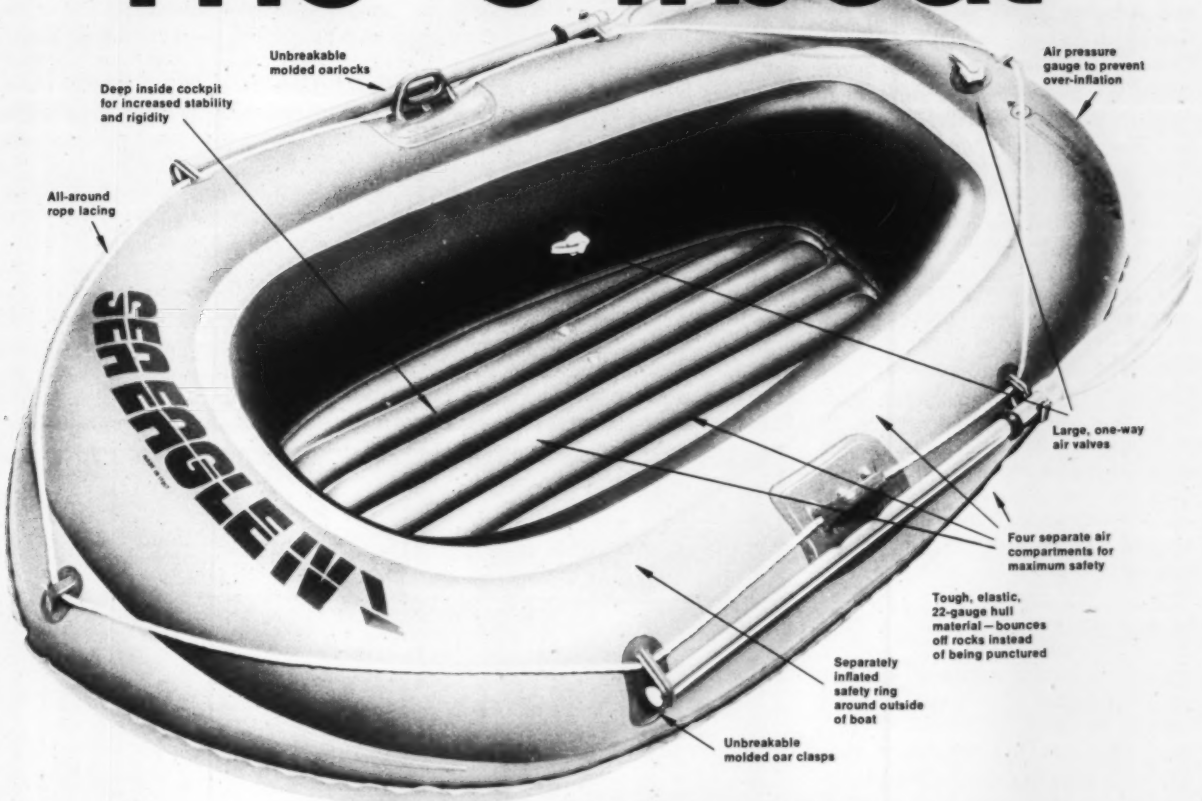
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patented "4-way physical," psych tests, shrink evaluations, all in exceedingly plush surroundings that include a deluxe screening room for the viewing of films on massage, sensate focus, masturbation and soft-core porn. In contrast, the Greenwich Village "Sexual Counseling Center" (advertised in the *Voice* and *New York* magazine) is bargain basement tacky, with tattered carpets and peeling plaster, run by a woman who boasts "Masters—Johnson Techniques!" She brazenly informed me: "There is no *way* the woman can have a climax with the male in the superior position."

But you get what you pay for: sessions cost $10–30. Nor is the Greenwich Village clinic nearly as questionable as some other, truly fraudulent operations. One of the problems with the sex therapy boom is that it provides a handy opportunity for countless quacks and crooks to exploit both a patient's pocketbook and shaky libido. There's no shortage of horror stories from people who've stepped into the wrong "sex clinic" or naively responded to magazine ads. Thus one shy, passive man who replied to a notice in the *Voice* ("Sensitive Nurse Therapist—Expd. Sex Counseling") found himself paying $20 a session for the privilege of receiving biweekly enemas; another found himself stripped, handcuffed to a chair and gagged while Doctor X snapped a roll of Polaroids and terrified his victim with insinuations of blackmail. Etc., etc.

Occupying the netherworld of legitimacy is a breed of therapist conspicuous by her absence from the EAST conference: the notorious Sex Surrogate. Indeed, ever since one of Masters and Johnson's supposedly unmarried surrogates produced both an irate husband and the husband's attorney—who promptly slapped the great research duo with a suit for pandering and prostitution—the Sextablishment has taken a wide berth around this delicate subject. Only in libertine California do surrogates enjoy official public sanction; elsewhere the practice is considered something less than kosher. In New York City, for instance, Pauline Abrams openly advertises "surrogate therapy under medical supervision." For a hefty sum, Ms. Abrams will guide the "patient" (single men only) through closely supervised sessions with a cooperative lady. But the general word on Ms. Abrams is neither professional nor kind: her "therapy" gets mixed reviews from other sex therapists. "Irresponsible" is the most common charge leveled against her.

There are, however, a few other surrogates lurking about, and perhaps the most respected and presentable of the species is a svelte, strikingly attractive Chinese woman, an ex-call-girl who goes by the name of "Tiger" and operates out of a comfy York Avenue apartment. Her patients pay $100 for a weekly two-hour session.

It's not just the money that draws Tiger to surrogacy. No, Tiger is quite adamant about the unique benefits of the service she provides. For example, one of her big beefs with conventional sex therapy is that the shrinks never know exactly how a man masturbates. This, Tiger believes, is crucial. So the first therapeutic step is *getting* the man to masturbate. "One guy was masturbating like this"—she pumps her curled fist furiously. "But no cunt or mouth in the world can duplicate that kind of friction. No wonder he can't come in a woman. So I teach them a softer touch. Stroking, gently. And lots of times patients *lie* to their therapist. I've got three patients who masturbate only on sheets. They hump the bed. The therapist doesn't know—he hasn't *seen* it. So I have to start by teaching them to use their hand. There was another guy I had to take away from Ivory soap. Another one masturbates on the radiator. Five to ten times a day. The shrink never even knew."

Like most sex therapists, Tiger finds treating the premature ejaculator a snap. She uses "start-stop" techniques, requires standard homework exercise and boasts a 100 percent success rate. For proof she picks up her date book and begins thumbing through pages: "He's a retarded ejaculator. He's impotent. He's a retarded ejaculator. *He*'s a retarded ejaculator. *He*'s a retarded ejaculator.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LEVIN/BLACK STAR

The John Lennon/Yoko Ono of Sex: Masters and Johnson, who more than anyone are responsible for the boom in sex literature, in a rare moment of nonliterary leisure

PHOTOGRAPH BY J.P. LAFFONT/SYGMA

PHOTOGRAPH BY J.P. LAFFONT/SYGMA

Better sex through honesty: Dr. Helen Kaplan of Cornell Medical College counsels young couples to achieve "equality" in bed in order to have a better time. This translates to: forget orgasm and concentrate on giving pleasure

You see—all the easy cases are gone."

Among Tiger's current cases, no less than five are shrinks. One, a 35-year-old virgin, flies in from Boston for his weekly session. Another devoted fellow flies from England. Almost all Tiger's patients are also in some kind of conventional therapy—and come to Tiger at their shrink's referral. Few sex therapists, however, like to broadcast their association with Tiger. Thus one extremely prominent psychiatrist and marriage counselor, who has publicly disavowed use of surrogates, currently has three patients seeing Tiger. And Dr. Kaplan—though she explicitly states surrogates are *not* employed at Cornell—does keep Tiger on her staff at the Payne Whitney Clinic. Indeed, it was Tiger who supplied a key pragmatic clue while observing a Robert-Sarah session: Sarah—not Robert—should leave the room when Robert was ready to masturbate. "By the time he gets up and walks out," explained Tiger, "he'll probably lose his hard-on."

Though Tiger still turns an occasional trick for a few select Johns, she takes a hard line on nontherapeutic sex with patients, and never, never, allows them to come back and see her as a call girl. I asked Tiger if that might not be a problem with surrogate therapy: what happens to the assorted virgins and retarded ejaculators who, having sampled the funky, exotic pleasures of a pro, are then tossed into the lonely, highly competitive streets of Swing City? When you've tasted caviar how do you go back to frozen mackerel? That, acknowledged Tiger, can be a problem, especially if the patient is without lover or wife. Which is why she promptly refers the man to one of her simpatico call-girl friends. In fact, often she makes it mandatory.

Tiger says it's only a matter of time, a few years, until surrogates become legal in New York and elsewhere. They are already legal in California. Sex therapists, like funeral parlor directors, aren't about to go out of style. As long as sex can stand a little improving there'll be somebody waving credentials and offering Help. It was during the Q-A session at the EAST conference that some crank raised his hand and demanded: "If we subject everyone to sex therapy isn't there some risk they'll all go berserk and become . . . *nymphomaniacs*?" The remark, naturally, was greeted by instant hissing, catcalls and groans. But perhaps the fellow had something. Perhaps he merely meant to say: "If we subject everyone to sex therapy, isn't there some risk they'll all go berserk and become . . . *therapists*?"●

Don't try to laugh along with Lily Tomlin

By Tracy Young

Her material is hardly laugh-a-minute stuff; if anything, it borders on the manic-depressive. "Remember," she likes to say, "we're all in this alone." Lily may be the Jerry Brown of comedy

October 24, 1975. Lily Tomlin, one-third of the way into a razzle-dazzle, 32-city, cross-country tour, plays Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Manhattan. Every audience that turns out for Tomlin is partisan, but tonight's is particularly so: hard-core fans who've followed her since she was doing eight-and-a-half minutes at the Improv in Manhattan; friends who knew her then; people who saw her first on *Laugh-In*; celebrities like Robert Altman, Patti LaBelle, Bette Midler, Dick Cavett. A big-time, hometown turn-out.

There is a large video screen in the upper right-hand corner of the stage, and when the lights go down, the audience stops checking itself out and watches the following come up on-screen: a Leger-like abstraction; a pair of hands folded in prayer; PLEASE STAND BY. Chuckles follow each visual joke.

The video sequence cuts to "backstage" where Lily, her head swathed in a turban, sits in front of a mirror massaging cold cream between her fingers. She pauses to take a slug from a bottle of Miller's and to leaf through a copy of *Psychology Today* (coverline: "The Social Pressure To Show And Tell All"). Now Lily is shaving her legs, taking a swipe at an imaginary moustache, brushing her teeth. Another slug of Miller's: she gargles and swallows it. Finally Lily is getting ready to go on . . . She snorts some coke and . . . . By the time she hits the stage, live, the audience is cheering.

Two hours later, after a show every bit as dense as her intro, a pale, limp, grinning Tomlin receives five standing ovations.

"Sometimes," she says at one point in her performance, "I worry about being a success in a mediocre world."

As an encore, she stands on her head.

Lily Tomlin's career, thus far, straddles a decade. It is not a specific, chronological decade like the fifties or sixties, but rather an amorphous period of cultural shifts that began with *Laugh-In* taking pot shots at the Establishment; paused with *Saturday Night* inviting Ron Nessen to guest-host a show; and segued into Barry Manilow, who, on his recent TV special (backed up by three black females with upraised fists), performed a medley of his commercial jingles while the prepubescents in the audience stood on their seats and screamed.

In a culture capable of such casually bizarre transitions, it probably is fitting that in 1969 Lily Tomlin was a prime-time *Laugh-In* regular, but was nonetheless regarded as an underground cult figure, one who received minimal coverage in the Establishment press. And even now—after four TV specials, three records, two movies, an Academy Award nomination, guest shots on everything from *Saturday Night* to *Merv Griffin* and *Dinah!*, a smash one-woman show on Broadway, cover stories in *Rolling Stone* and *Time* and a feature on CBS' mag-format TV show, *Who's Who* —after all that, the *Village Voice* still refers to her as a cult figure!

Against this backdrop, Tomlin's crack about being a success in a mediocre world is more than campy self-mockery; it is a thumbnail sketch of the culture and her attitude toward it, a refinement, perhaps, on Midler's utterance, "It's the pits." It is also the gauntlet she throws down to the audience.

Mary Jean Tomlin and her younger brother, Richard, grew up in a working-class neighborhood in Detroit. Wild, precocious kids. Their parents were Southerners, transplanted from Kentucky: Guy worked as a job setter in a brass factory, stayed out till all hours, bet on the ponies, and drank too much until he died of it a few years ago; Lillie Mae tried to keep a stiff upper lip, tried to hold things together.

Mary Jean was fascinated by her father, used to go to the bars with him, used to hold his bets. Lily likes to talk about her father. There's a story she tells:

"I'd always be amazed when kids would very covertly say to me, 'My father is an alcoholic,' say it as if it had Deep Meaning. I mean, if my father was laid out on the sofa, you know, passed out, I didn't think it was such a big deal. That was him, anyway, it wasn't me. And I knew all the things about it that were funny, that were touching, the things that made you angry. . .

"I was the kind of kid who *never* slept. As soon as I heard a noise I was out of bed to see what was going on . . . Anyway, one night—I was about five—my father came home and ripped the phone out of the wall. He was so angry for some reason, he turned all the furniture over and he mighta just . . . sort of . . . slapped my mother or something, because she was crying. . .

"The next day I got up early with them—I loved to watch him drink coffee . . . I told them, I said, 'I'm going to tell Miss Hausen' . . . she was my kindergarten teacher . . . 'I'm going to tell Miss Hausen what happened last night,' and my mother said, 'Pleeease don't!' She was literally *begging* me not to tell this story, you know? But I went to school and told it.

"I envied my father that release," Tomlin says, "that not caring what the neighbors think. We'd *all* really like to be like that—that's why it's so exciting and so scary at the same time when somebody does behave that way."

Cut from Mary Jean Tomlin, terrible tyke, to Lily Tomlin, a star on *Laugh-In*, whose persona has split into Edith Ann, a wise child in an oversize rocking chair, and Ernestine the uppity operator, a low-comedy version of the working-class hero.

Ernestine "physicalized" looked like a cross between Olive Oyl and one of the Andrews Sisters. Her voice, punctuated by snorts, came blasting straight out of her adenoids. High on power, fondling her cleavage, Ernestine was a distant relative to every surly waitress, snooty doorman and sadistic Jamaican nurse, except that she had real power (the phone company's) and she was on *our* side, taking on the big guys—the mafia, the FBI, IBM, the AMA—with their own bureaucratic weapons. Ernestine was "nobody's fool"—and nobody's victim.

In the early seventies, when *Laugh-In* began running out of steam and the show's writers started giving Ernestine easy targets, Tomlin sued out of her contract and left the show. It was around that time that she hooked up with Jane Wagner, another Southern manque, who was to become one of the most

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

influential people in her life: a creative alter ego.

Wagner grew up in Morristown, Tennessee, and by the age of six or so was playing the piano, by ear, in radio concerts. When she was a teenager, she migrated to New York and embarked on a checkered career as writer-artist-designer-actress-songwriter-inventor-you-name-it. By the time she met Lily she had, among other less obvious accomplishments, written a Peabody award-winning TV drama, *J.T.*; but she was still unfocused.

Jane and Lily shared a Southern Gothic legacy of drunks and Bible belters, tales told by idiots and madmen, of righteous outsiders who didn't want in and who had nothing to lose by telling the truth. Working together, they plugged in to a contemporary version of that tradition, creating characters like Tess, a bag lady who speaks in schizzy poetry and just got out of the bin:

"Hey! Howya doin'? I just got out . . . I didn't like it in there, but, boy, I don't like it out *here* . . . The reason I got in is somebody told 'em I think I'm God. They don't like anyone thinking they're God 'cause *they* think they're God! . . . I didn't say I *was* God—I said I *seen* God . . . Boy, they don't like people seein' things they can't see! . . ."

There's Tess, and then there's the guy who came up to Mrs. Beasley.

The day tickets for Lily's current Broadway show went on sale, Lily, in the person of Mrs. Judy Beasley of Calumet City, Illinois, was out on West 47th Street, dressed in a starched Red Cross uniform, walking among the denizens, handing out donuts. And everyone was getting a kick out of it except for this for-real street crazy who kept trying to upstage her.

"He was filled with so much rage," Lily remembers, "and there was all this screaming 'mutherfucker this' and 'mutherfucker that' and 'I can't get mah wife outta jail and mah car was totaled' and, out of nowhere he says, 'and *nobody* came to mah birthday party!'

"And everybody was saying, 'Get him *away* from her!' But luckily Pat Newcomb [Lily's press agent] said, 'Mrs. Beasley can handle it,' and she did. And everything was cool. He went away and came back again and gave me the same rap—he's *still* mad about it—but I was trying to understand him and trying to relate and everything, so Jane and I switched it around so now, in the show, he's waitin' for me in the alley every night, 'I don't want no autograph, cain't *eat* no autograph' . . . I want to

do a whole *character* on him."

Andre Malraux chose "blood, sex and banality" to describe the "terrible world in which we are living." Television celebrates all three, of course, but it has made the latter a way of life. It makes sense, then, that a performer who was launched on TV has found in banality a whole motherlode of material.

Both Wagner and Tomlin have been involved with kitsch for a long time. (Back when everyone felt pretty much the way the Graduate did about plastics, Jane designed herself a vinyl suit that she wore to the theater one night, and then almost passed out because she'd forgotten to put vents in the armpits.) Over the years, their perverse attraction to it developed into a hip update on the camp aesthetic, a trash sensibility that may have been rooted in the gay subculture but quickly grew into a kind of cheery democratic decadence. It was a point of view that, even as it took off unmercifully on the mass-produced, the mediocre, the Madison Avenue, was still aware that it too would probably be absorbed by the source of its inspiration. Grafted onto their concept of the righteous outsider who had nothing to lose by telling the truth, this aesthetic went beyond style and gave birth to a hybrid kind of comedy that Jane refers to alternately as "sentire" or "docu-comedy." Long before *New Yorker* critic Michael Arlen pointed out the subliminal sexual messages in the ring-around-the-collar commercial, Lily was doing Mrs. Judy Beasley, a "real person like yourself," an Illinois housewife who'd come on TV to do a testimonial for a new detergent called "Grrr." Midway through her demonstration, Mrs. Beasley discovers lipstick stains on her husband's shirt. She loses her composure . . . tries gamely to go on . . . then finally explodes:

"Grrr is not only strong, it is safe for even the most delicate washables, like this sheer pink negligee he gave me on our first anniversary—you never cared about *me*, all you wanted was supper on the table and no responsibility; well, you want to know something? Billy isn't *yours*!" . . . Killer kitsch.

Like certain other comedians—Lenny Bruce, Dick Gregory, Richard Pryor—Tomlin often has ignored the current standards of "good taste" to make a comment at the expense of laughs. One of her more disturbing bits used to be a sketch called "War Toys" that ended with a distraught housewife calling to her son: "Leg or no leg, Billy, come inside, supper's on the table."

Since then Tomlin has honed her cutting edge and reapplied it to the liberal reflex. On her album, *Modern Scream*, Lily has the following conversation with a reporter/character, Deirdre Dutton:

D.D.: I want to talk to you about your frank film about heterosexuality. Did it seem strange to you, seeing yourself making love to a man on the big screen?
L.T.: Oh, well, I did a lot of research, y'know, and by the time we started shooting I was used to it. I've seen these women all my life, so I know how they walk, I know how they talk. Of course, I did interview some psychiatrists, but they don't have the answers . . . I got a lot of flak from Straight Liberation groups—some thought I went too far, some not far enough . . . And my family said, "How could you do such a thing?" . . . People just don't understand—you don't have to be *one to play one.*

This kind of material has made network executives nervous; it has even short-circuited the synapses of her fans.

Her strength and independence predate feminism; she is not now about to adapt herself, or her material, to fit any sort of "new woman" ideal

On opening night of her Broadway debut last March, the audience gasped when Tomlin wheeled herself out as Crystal the Terrible Tumbleweed, a quadraplegic in a CB-equipped wheelchair who's traveling across the country to go hang-gliding in Big Sur. Touching, right? Except that Crystal doesn't think it's such a big deal—she's already made one, unsuccessful attempt off the Jersey cliffs. While Crystal is not cynical ("At a carnival outside Decatur a kid climbs in my lap and says, 'Are you a ride?' I said, 'I'm probably the best ride here . . .'"), she is not above putting down the people who would patronize and so diminish her ("I got a lot of publicity I didn't like from Geraldo Rivera. Oh, Geraldo probably meant well, like all walkies").

Tomlin rubs it in, and in, and in, reminding us of blacks who turned around and started calling us honkies, of gays who think they're hipper and happier than straights, of uppity women and feisty old folks, of people who are gauche or "square and proud of it," of the beleaguered middle class ("I just discovered that bread crumbs cost more than bread") about to be swamped in a sea of consumer goods.

This is not laugh-a-minute stuff. If anything, it's manic-depressive, and therefore all too well attuned to the times. (Wagner has remarked that manic-depressives are the only people in touch with reality.) It is about dignity and survival; and it's Tomlin's way of saying we are all outsiders, and we are all in danger of being co-opted by one part of the culture or another. Tomlin acts as the conscience of her audience; and it is the first time that a woman has performed that function on the stage.

Female performers traditionally have assumed a persona that stoked some male fantasy, an image usually well-removed from their 'real selves.' When Janis Joplin sashayed onstage in all her tatterdemalion-sleazo-finery and wailed, "Come on, come on, come onnn," she seemed to be saying that a woman can be tough, that rock 'n roll is balling, and that everybody out there is gonna get a piece. When Bette Midler emerged from the Continental Baths as The Divine Miss M and played to the boys in the band, she seemed to be elevating the fag-hag to the status of nouveau Earth Mother, and nostalgia to the status of passion. When Patti Smith acted out her fantasy of Keith Richard/Jim Morrison, she seemed to be telling all the pimply-faced kids in the audience that anybody can be a rock 'n roll star: Peter Pan in a torn T-shirt.

In each case, the audience probably knew that what they got wasn't for real. Joplin's favorite quote was, after all: "Onstage I make love to 25,000 people, then I go home alone." Bette Midler's alliance with the gay subculture was a carefully researched part of her act; everyone knew she'd been living, straight as a pin, with the same old man for years. And Patti Smith's greatest appeal was not to the kids,but to the melancholy Rock Crit Establishment who knew that she was as much of a fan as they were. But none of that mattered at the time. It merely engendered an entertaining tension between art and artifice; an evening with any of the three was an Event that invited audience participation—and complicity.

Lily Tomlin, however, refuses to cater to the psycho-sexual needs of her

Tracy Young likes to hit hard and run fast. Her favorite dessert is Zeitgeist. *This is her first article for* New Times.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL FISCHER

audience. One reason may be that comedy, like writing, is not a particularly sexy form of communication; at best, it can be winning. Besides, Tomlin's comedy has always dealt with sex obliquely.

It is not that she refuses to be a woman (in fact, she has developed into a very sensual performer), but rather refuses to give of herself, indulge herself, on some archetypal female level, be it the whore-goddess promises of a pop star or the self-deprecating distortions of a funny lady. Despite the fact that Tomlin has lent her support to numerous feminist causes (she has done benefits for Elaine Noble, the first avowed lesbian member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and Bella Abzug—a framed photo of Bella hangs in her dressing room), her strength and independence predate feminism; she is not now about to adapt herself, or her material, to fit any sort of 'new woman' ideal. (This disaffiliation can be disconcerting: many women in her Broadway audiences are jolted by her sympathetic portrayal of Rick, a swaggering, crotch-tugging, singles-bar cruiser.)

Tomlin is unique in that her presumed desire to be loved services no fantasy and wears no mask other than those she has chosen as vehicles for her own creativity. She identifies with no cause more closely than her own, which seems to be the vision of some total reality. In Tomlin one senses a center that holds.

There is little difference between Tomlin the performer and Tomlin the person; in each case, her integrity remains intact. "I never wanted there to be a division," she says. "That's like an old concept, like an image . . . I have to have my own *self*."

During last August's 90-minute Tomlin TV special, *People*, written and produced by Jane Wagner, there was a segment in which Lily conducted an "in-depth" interview with Louise Lasser.

"Lily was worried about doing it," Wagner explained during a break in the editing. "She said, 'I can't be an interviewer, I'm not Barbara Walters'; but I guess the very reason I wanted so much for her to do it was that I wanted to take it *away* from journalism . . . Still, I broke out in a cold sweat watching her. Maybe I have a lack of integrity, but many times watching I thought, 'Why doesn't she do something funny, do Ernestine, *anything* . . .' But she just would not do it" . . .

Louise and Lily are stitting on a beach, swathed in layers of clothing like two youngish bag ladies, running their fingers aimlessly through the sand. The conversation is going on on two different levels: Louise is trying to get deep, Lily intent on dragging it back into the banal. The confrontation between these two approaches—and these two colossal egos—has ionized the air. As Louise is talking, she's gesturing, and at one point she abstractly places her hand on Lily's knee. Lily stops short, takes Louise's hand, looks at it for a half a beat, and says: "I just wanted to see if that was a sincere hand."

Lily's "integrity" often serves as a rug that she can pull out from under you. When she does this onstage, it can be startling and exhilarating. When she does it on film, as she did several times in *The Late Show*, it is incomprehensible: why can't she relate to the other actor? And when she does it to you in person, you want to bust her right in the chops.

Around the time the *People* special was aired, I saw Lily at a party. We were smoking grass and talking about a newspaper that recently had changed hands. It was a good conversation; we were agreeing and getting along just fine when the host said dinner was on the table. To cap off the discussion, I blurted out: "Oh, that paper sucks."

Lily sat bolt upright in her seat, looked right through me, and said: "Sucks? *Sucks?!* I don't like that word."

I felt like I had made a pass at a priest.

Tomlin's relationship to her audience has changed. I remember seeing her in person for the first time four or five years ago at New York's Bitter End. And I remember being knocked out. Not only was she wildly funny, she had a looseness, a kind of amateurish zaniness, and such a conspiratorial gleam in her eye that I felt Lily the performer was speaking directly to me, and that Lily the real person was equally accessible. I couldn't decide whether my burning ambition in life was to write her next special or to try to persuade her to be my new best friend.

I don't feel either any more. Tomlin's material has followed the insights of such an original vision that to harbor fantasies of writing for her would now seem like trespassing; and Lily herself seems such an organic part of her "act" (an act, by the way, that has become seamless and thoroughly professional) that fantasies of a "real" Lily Tomlin seem superfluous. She has attained the inaccessibility of Dylan; and there's nothing cuddly about genius. "Remember," she likes to say, "we're all in this alone."

Good Ole Girls: Jane Wagner, left, is Lily's best friend and collaborator; together they've turned absurdity into docu-comedy

On the other hand, Tomlin seems to demand more and more from her audiences. She is no longer content with their undivided attention; now she asks them to be as professional as she is. When her hard-core fans (who know a lot of her bits by heart) try to get cozy by anticipating her next move, by starting to applaud at the beginning of a familiar character's sketch, or when an audience laughs too readily and misses the point, one can sense that not only are they disturbing her timing and concentration, they are pissing her off.

And while one might interpret her seamless persona, her emotional distance from her audience, as the well-armored defense of someone who says her private life is "out of sync with the culture," one could just as easily perceive it as Zen cool. Indeed, her attitude is that of a Zen master who says, "If *I'm* this good, you have to be this good, too—and I'm not going to make it easy for you." Lily Tomlin could very well be the Jerry Brown of comedy.

There have been times I was certain that the motive behind Tomlin's comic madness was an ego death wish toward the audience, so I was fascinated to watch her recently deploy a similar sort of psychic judo against herself. It was the week after her Broadway opening. She had just finished a shooting for *Vogue* with Avedon and looked, in the flesh, startlingly like an Avedon photograph, all black and white, high contrast, elemental. Even sitting amid the clangor of a theater district restaurant, she looked as down-home and staunch as some mountain woman; her ancestry showed in her drawn face. She ordered a plate of cold string beans, gazed at a bottle of Beck's beer, and tried to place the whole magical media tour in perspective:

"One feeling I got was that I got too popular, you know? I got nervous and thought I must have sold out somewhere, I must have changed something, or played into it . . . I should have done something perverse rather than just cooperate. How can I explain it? It sorta negates me as a humorist, or satirist. . .

"Oh, what's the difference," she sighed. "It doesn't mean anything *per*sonally. It's absolutely the most super*fi*cial thing in the world—Who's on the cover of *Time* this week? Who *knows*, right? . . . You know, the most pleasure I felt was the night we were at the party at Sardi's, and to read the reviews and kinda share it with people, and for them to know, too, it's not such a big deal . . . It seemed more collective. It's almost like *we* made it to the cover of *Time*. . . . I'm telling you, unless you have community, it's not a whole lot. But if you have just a little bit of community, then it's real nice. And if it lasts just a few hours . . ." She shrugged.

"Somehow, some of it's faded . . . Yet I have the star of Apollo on my hand . . ." She held out her left palm for me to inspect. "Well, once you know it's there, you can see it. It means there's no way you can avoid success . . ."

Jane Wagner looked up from her spaghetti. "Then why do you worry so much?"

"I didn't say I *buy* all this . . . I have a desire to turn it over and say to you, 'No, no, look at the underside of it, it's not what it appears' . . . It's like when a young actor, say somebody 20 years old, comes up to me, and he'll be in awe of me, and I'll say, 'Look, it's nothing. I've been working at it for 15 *years*. It took me 15 years to be able to do whatever it is I do, and some people don't even think it's that *good* . . .'"

There are people who've listened to Lily talk like this and think she's crazy. Crazy like a fox. Being enigmatic is her way of protecting herself, of drowning out the chatter so she can hear herself think, or so she can pick up on what she needs without giving herself away while she's doing it. So she can attempt to be original. And if there is a chink in her psyche, a vulnerable spot, if there are moments when she falls from grace and prey to a kind of passion, they are all connected to her work. To originality.

"I was working on the Broadway thing," she says, "and I'd gone through a lot of trauma over *The Late Show*, and I had been reading a little Karen Horney, and I started thinking, 'Why does everything I do have to be so good?' So I went into Transactional Analysis so I could understand why I was always just so anxious about career stuff . . .

"Anyway, I did this two-chair; I was supposed to be my 'critical parent' talking to myself. And the therapist says, 'I want your critical parent to tell you what you have to do to be okay, not great, just okay to live in the world'" Lily pauses. "*Immediately* it goes to career.

"And I say, 'You have to be very special' . . . I'm talking very calmly." Lily says this very calmly.

"'And you have to be . . . uh . . . exceptional, not only in technique, style, range, content . . .' And I'm going on and on. Then the therapist says, 'And you have to be original' . . .

"I said, 'Yes, you have to be original' . . . And I started to sob. It was like a big breakthrough for me. And he says, 'Why are you crying, is it so sad to be original?'

". . . And I said, 'No, it's too hard' . . . And I was tired of it being so hard."●

Music

Flugel the time away

By Frank Conroy

There was a lot of good jazz around New York in 1960, and one of the places it could be heard was a small bar down on Hudson and Spring streets called the Half Note, a friendly place owned and operated by a large Italian family. On any given night one could simply walk in, and for the price of three beers, hear Wes Montgomery, Coltrane, Cannonball Adderly, Zoot Sims, Bill Evans, or any one of a dozen class A groups. For some of us the place was almost a shrine, and a lot of good musicians played there because they liked the feel of the place. (The pay was not quite as good as some of the joints further uptown, but the informal ambiance was unsurpassed, as were the acoustics.) There was a certain amount of surprise, then, when it was suddenly announced that the club was hiring an unknown group for a one-week stand. "Come in and hear this band," the older brother/bartender/co-manager said to me one afternoon. "It's a bunch of Italian kids from Rochester." He shrugged his shoulders defensively. "It's an experiment. We'll see what happens."

No one except the management could pronounce the last name of the two brothers who formed the nucleus of the group. "The Macaroni Brothers" Al Cohn called them. "The Minestrone Brothers," Zoot rejoined. Italian jokes flew around for a couple of days. (I also remember a discussion when it was decided that all jazz musicians were either black, Jewish, Irish or Italian. It was almost true.) It turned out that the group was called the Jazz Brothers, featuring young Sal Nistico, a.k.a. "The Chef," and the brothers Gap and Chuck Mangione. Chuck, the trumpeter, was 19 years old at the time.

To everyone's delight the group was a fine, hard-swinging little band, playing modest, middle-of-the-road jazz after the fashion of the Adderly brothers, Clifford Brown-Max Roach, and the Art Blakey and Horace Silver quintets. The music was not particularly original, but that was alright because it was well played, and because it so clearly celebrated a certain small-group style originally forged by older musicians the boys from Rochester obviously idolized. After a reasonably successful gig, the Jazz Brothers decamped for upstate and the Half Note went back to name groups. I didn't see Mangione again for 17 years, until a few weeks ago in Boston, at the start of his national tour.

"The Jazz Messengers were *the* group when I was that age, growing up," Chuck, who sat in with the group

Chuck Mangione: The precision and calculated romanticism of his sound reaches a varied audience

in his early teens, told me backstage. Art Blakey's Messengers was a temporary home for an astonishing number of young players who have since become famous. (It goes back as far as the young Clifford Brown and Horace Silver, fresh from Connecticut.) The music was hard bop, and the tempos were sometimes very fast, but Chuck, who was a protege of Dizzy Gillespie, had the chops. He joined the group in 1965 and stayed with them for two-and-a-half years. "I learned a lot, to say the least. But I got tired of just going up and doing my solo, and then stepping back, really only thinking about myself, my own performance. There wasn't much rehearsal with the Messengers—you just went up and played. I wanted something more."

Chuck returned to Rochester, got married, and began teaching improvisation at the Eastman School of Music. He directed the jazz ensemble there, and began what was to be a mutually beneficial relationship with the Rochester Philharmonic. He also played a local gig at night—two-and-a half years in the same room, six nights a week, with various musicians. (Chick Corea would come in once in a while, as would Ron Carter, who was also involved with Eastman and the Philharmonic.) Mangione preferred the darker, more full-bodied tone of the Flugelhorn to the trumpet, and he developed his technique on the larger instrument to a point very near perfection. He was obviously not afraid of work. "Nobody wants to work like that anymore," he said. "The young guys today seem to want to work a month or two and then take three months off. I don't understand it."

As it turned out, the straight jazz on which he cut his teeth was not to be the vehicle by which Mangione was to find his audience: "I'd make a record for Riverside, and it might sell two or three thousand copies." The big break finally came in 1970, with the success of *Friends and Love*, a concert recording featuring Chuck, his quartet and the Rochester Philharmonic. The album, which included a tune called "Hill Where the Lord Hides," sold more than 150,000. Mangione's career was launched.

The idea was to wrap the quartet in an orchestra: the Rochester Philharmonic, the Hamilton Philharmonic or, as on his recent tour, a large section hired for the occasion. Improvisation was not so much the point; the emphasis fell on melody, orchestral effects and the romantic quality of Chuck's horn. Mangione developed a *sound*, a consistent and easily recognizable approach to music that is uniquely his, which has won him a large audience. "Some people say I've gone commercial. It doesn't bother me. When Cannonball did "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy" they said he'd sold out. It's ridiculous.

If Cannon or Herbie Hancock has a hit, it eventually leads people into Miles or Sonny Rollins, into the great players."

The concert I attended featured a dozen or so tunes from Chuck's records, played by Mangione, his quartet (bass, guitar, sax, drums) and a special section of three trumpets, four trombones, four flutes, four French Horns and electric piano, played by Gap Mangione. The writing is direct and clean, and most of the tunes follow a fairly uncomplicated structural pattern: Chuck briefly takes over at the electric piano with a set rhythm riff, the quartet joins, the horn section plays some decoration, Chuck solos on the flugelhorn, tenor and guitar solo, the horn section builds to a climax, and the tune ends. The appeal is often in the melody. One can feel the audience reacting to the first few bars of "Chase the Clouds Away," "Land of Make Believe," or "Listen to the Wind" with genuine excitement. "The thing is not to rush," he said in explanation. "Like with the great be-bop players. If you take some of that stuff and slow it down, stretch it out and open it up, it's really beautiful. But you have to be able to hear it." Chuck's melodies are often in half-time to the accompaniment, and feature long, lingering notes lovingly played. His tone on the Flugelhorn is warm, his execution just about flawless, and his phrasing particularly sensitive. He can be a flashy player, but his strength lies in simplicity. "My solos aren't particularly original. I've never thought of myself as any kind of great improviser." What Mangione works on is the sound—putting together and maintaining the sound. There is an Italian flavor to some of his arrangements—in the lyricism, and also in the ensemble writing, which occasionally evokes images of hot climates and Latin passions. "Italian influences? I don't know. The opera was always on the radio Saturday afternoons. Italians grow up surrounded by music, and I guess that affected me." Mangione uses Afro-Cuban and Spanish rhythms as well. "That came from watching the Cisco Kid when I was a boy," he said with a laugh.

Whatever his schooling, Mangione, at the age of 36, is a hot ticket. The calculated romanticism of his music reaches all sorts of people. If you tune in on the right night, you can catch him on the Johnny Carson show, and it would seem that, after all the years of work, his position is now secure. His national tour, in any case, sold out before he could even pack his bags.

Land of Make Believe (Mercury). Mangione's quartet, the Hamilton Philharmonic and Esther Satterfield doing vocals. The title tune is an example of Chuck's best writing—strong, simple and melodic, with good rhythms underneath kicking things along.

Chase the Clouds Away (A&M Records). The 1975 quartet, with orchestral backing. Mangione says it took him a very long time to write the title tune. This is a good, clean cut of what may become a standard. Lush effects on "Soft."

Main Squeeze (A&M Records). One year later. Different personnel. Strings. John Faddis, another Gillespie protege, is a ringer in the trumpet section. All tunes by Mangione except "Main Squeeze," a disco entry.

Records

By Jim Miller

★★★ **Me, I'm Feelin' Free,** *Marshall Chapman* (Epic); ★ **Blackjack Choir,** *James Talley* (Capitol); ★★ **The Wheel,** *Asleep at the Wheel* (Capitol); ★★★ **Today,** *The Late Bob Wills' Original Texas Playboys* (Capitol); ★★ **Reunited,** *Ray Price and the Cherokee Cowboys* (ABC/Dot). Among recent country albums, the most interesting reflect a preoccupation with roots: a sense of a common past expressed in the music, the lyrics, or both.

The lyrical conservatives range from James Talley to Marshall Chapman, whose first album casts her as a kind of female "outlaw" in the Waylon-and-Willie mold. It is an impressive debut; an effectively husky stylist, Chapman sings and writes songs that evoke a sepia South fast on the fade but steadfast in memory and mores. Talley, for his part, has begun to wear his populist heart on his sleeve: if you wanted to prove you loved the black man and his blues, wouldn't you naturally hire the licks of B.B. King for one track and title it "Bluesman"? Any tradition worth revering deserves a more dignified revival than *Blackjack Choir.*

A chief beneficiary of the renewed interest in vintage *musical* forms has been Texas swing, the cheerful dance music propagated by Bob Wills and such latter-day disciples as

Marshall Chapman: Female "outlaw"

Ernest Tubb, Hank Thompson and Ray Price. On one level, Asleep at the Wheel, a big band of 11 relative youngsters, grasps the genre's spirit perfectly well: *The Wheel* is an enjoyable accomplishment, and arguably the group's best album. Yet Asleep at the Wheel subtly misses the musical focus of the older swing bands: their rhythm section is generally too stiff, the lead vocals too wooden, the lyrics finally too arch.

Such problems become transparent when *The Wheel* is compared with the new album by The Late Bob Wills' Original Texas Playboys, eight old-timers who swing effortlessly through ten old tunes. The marvelous ebullience and conviviality of these musicians is evident throughout, but listen especially to the *touch* of pianist Al Stricklin, drummer Smokey Dacus and steel player Leon McAuliffe.

Speaking of Texas reunions, Ray Price's latest effort reassembles his fabled Cherokee Cowboys. Although such Price classics as "I'll Be There" sound a mite too grandfatherly, newer compositions benefit from the nuanced restraint of such great players as Buddy Emmons on steel.

★★★★ **Homecoming,** *Dexter Gordon* (Columbia). A jazz master in peak form, cut live at the Village Vanguard last December. The muscular authority of Gordon's tenor solos is complemented throughout by a cohesive quartet led by trumpeter Woody Shaw and drummer Louis Hayes.

Books

The lion in the path

By Geoffrey Wolff

American Hunger *by Richard Wright.* Afterword by Michel Fabre. Harper & Row (146 pp., $8.95).
Black Boy *by Richard Wright.* Harper & Row (hardcover: 285 pp., $9.95; paperback: 228 pp., $1.50).

Like black and white tiles set in a geometry of seemingly eternal replication, black experience and white innocence speak and respond, speak and respond in a locked reflex of recoil: strophe, antistrophe, strophe, antistrophe, strophe. . . . White America's wholesale capitulation to *Roots* is only the current installment of a serial phenomenon: a black writer brings the news that slavery was brutal, debasing and consequential; white readers agree to appreciate this intelligence as though for the first time. "I never knew they had it so tough," a grown and educated man said to me the other day. "No wonder they're mad at us." Jesus.

Memory is fragile, I know, but perhaps a consumer or two of Alex Haley's "factions," his so-called symbolic truths, will recollect Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice* from ten years back, and before that James Baldwin's *Fire Next Time*, which provoked in readers of the *New Yorker* convulsions of shame, very epiphanies of palefaced self-contempt. (Baldwin, looking back from the epoch of Benign Neglect across the decade that followed the publication of his lambent essay, wondered of white people whether "anything could ever disturb their sleep.")

And before that, in 1945, came Richard Wright's *Black Boy*, an autobiography retailing the awful afflictions visited upon black people by white people that was bought by 2 million Americans. Like *Roots*, like *Fire Next Time*, *Black Boy* created the kind of visceral excitement reserved commonly in this country for the publication of a book instructing people on how to make love or money, how to have fun. Perhaps *Black Boy* was fun: white people loved the bad feeling it gave them—*What devils we are!* It was a full selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and sold almost three-quarters of a million copies in hardcover. James Baldwin, writing of Wright's previous commercial success, the novel *Native Son*, remarked that Americans "have the most remarkable ability to alchemize all bitter truths into an innocuous but piquant confection and to transform their moral contradictions, or public discussion of such contradictions, into a proud decoration, such as are given for heroism on the field of battle." Richard Wright, characteristically less elegant and ironical than Baldwin, put the matter bluntly: "America is frightened of fact, of history. . . ."

Unless it is taught by men and women in costumes, enacted in eight digestible portions shortly before bed-

PICTORIAL PARADE

Wright: Baldwin's springboard

time. The *Roots* phenomenon, a *frisson* of titillated peccability followed by soporific moral serenity, deserves systematic investigation. Like a sexual preference for binding rubber garments and black silk whips, it is a pathological rather than a cultural symptom, and the question has not yet been settled whether white Americans better advertise their moral kinkiness when their remorse is awake and on the prowl or when it is at rest. Tom Wolfe noted that flak-catchers love to be Mau-Maued; blacks call the sport "beating that boy," a locution that carries a heavy cargo of inversion and rue.

But given the relentless ephemerality of white sensations of accountability, the serious questions raised by the posthumous publication of Richard Wright's *American Hunger* are racially intramural: what will black readers make of the autobiographical sequel to *Black Boy*? What is the nature of a black writer's calling? To what does he own his allegiance? Is spokesmanship the unmaking of art, and does rage sharpen or blunt intelligence? Does Richard Wright continue to block the path of every black writer who followed him? Why do black writers seem to murder their fathers and resurrect their grandfathers? And has a white man legitimate claim to answers to such questions, even to such questions?

Wright was born in 1908 near Natchez, Mississippi, the son of a sharecropper. His father deserted the family when Wright was six, and from that time on the boy, born dirt poor, stayed hungry. By the time his father headed down the road the boy had experienced the kind of random brutality that is the signature of *Black Boy*: he set fire to his house and was beaten almost to death for his offense. At six he became a barfly, scrounging drinks, begging for small change. He spent time in an orphanage, but ran away, so his mother, having suffered a series of paralytic strokes, took him home to Mississippi and he lived with his grandmother, a religious fanatic who devoted much time and energy to instructing him that "Richard, you are bad, bad."

Members of his immediate family were as brutalized as they were brutal: an uncle was lynched. Wright spent a total of nine years in school, worked at menial jobs, began to write, and in young manhood, at the moment that closes *Black Boy*, moved north to Chicago. *American Hunger* tells of Wright's Chicago years as an apprentice writer and as a Communist. Published for the first time this month as part of a cooperative venture between Yale and Harper & Row that will bring to market perhaps six unpublished Wright books, it was originally part of the typescript of *Black Boy*. It was severed from that book in 1944, with Wright's approval, on the advice of either Harper & Row or the Book-of-the-Month Club, perhaps because Wright's early adult years in the north lacked the theatrically miserable character of his childhood in the south, and because his devotion to and disenchantment with Communism was messy, lacking the clear narrative

line—a child triumphing over adversity—that lends *Black Boy* much of its popular appeal.

In the years following the publication of *Black Boy*, Wright became a personage, first in New York and later in Paris, where he moved in the late forties and remained until his death in 1960, a friend of Sartre, Camus and de-Beauvoir and a spokesman for black causes. Paris for Wright was a refuge, and once he had hid himself in it, his work declined in power, and his rage seemed calculated rather than felt. It was this public Wright that James Baldwin came in his formative years to venerate as a master, and then to repudiate in not one, not two, but three seminal essays. One of these, collected in *Nobody Knows My Name* and perhaps cruelly titled "Alas, Poor Richard," identifies a poignant and recurrent tension between established writers and talented contenders that fuels and sometimes disfigures the dialogue between black intellectuals. The older man's work, writes Baldwin, "was an immense liberation and revelation for me. He became my ally and my witness, and alas! my father."

One of the collateral benefits of having reviewed the bidding in these black contests of will has been reexposure to Baldwin's gorgeously complex honesty of sentiment and expression in his early essays. Living in Paris when his attacks on Wright appeared, he would sometimes come across his old friend and patron, and feel surprise that Wright had taken offense at his dismissal of *Native Son* as a strident protest novel, a work of propoganda in the guise of fiction that confirms white stereotypes of black rage and brutality and appetite. Looking back, Baldwin understands that "Richard was right to be hurt, I was wrong to have hurt him. He saw clearly enough, far more clearly than I had dared to allow myself to see, what I had done: I had used his work as a kind of springboard into my own. His work was a road-block in my road. . . ."

A few sentences later Baldwin wondered aloud how he would take it "when my time comes." Come it came, and soon enough. Baldwin was the lion blocking Eldridge Cleaver's path, and *Soul on Ice* savaged him, declaring insanely that "Baldwin's antipathy toward the black race is shockingly clear." Irony time: Much of Cleaver's anger was provoked by his admiration for Wright, a writer more suitable to the angry sixties than was the putative Mandarin Baldwin, or the self-styled mandarin, Ralph Ellison. (Irony time again: During the sixties Baldwin was mightily criticized by white intellectuals for surrendering to precisely those stereotypes of racial reduction that he had criticized in Wright. *Blues for Mister Charlie* is surely a close kinsman of *Native Son:* Black folks are better cooks, have superior sexual equipment, can sing and dance. White folks are empty, mean.)

Baldwin, no doubt recollecting his own complicated use of Wright—he had, after all, titled his first collection of essays *Notes of a Native Son*— responded to Cleaver's violent attack on his judgment, style, manhood and racial loyalty with heroic generosity, acknowledging that "I *am* an odd quantity. So is Eldridge; so are we all." (And how! Cleaver, now a spokesman on spot ads during *The Late Show* for the Baptist version of the 3-in-1, now a military defense advocate fretful of Soviet hegemony in the arms race, and the inventor of britches with a built-in codpiece, does qualify, I guess, for the modifier *odd.*) Baldwin, writing in 1971, during the time of Cleaver's self-exile in Algeria, distinguished between himself as an artist and his antagonist as a revolutionary, and remarked that whatever disreputability the two might share, they seemed "doomed to stand forever at an odd and rather uncomfortable angle to each other, and they both stand at a sharp and not always comfortable angle to the people they both, in their different fashions, hope to serve. But I think that it is just as well to remember that the people are one mystery and that the person is another."

PICTORIAL PARADE

Baldwin: Cleaver's roadblock

As one walks through this minefield of repudiation, it is perhaps safe to stand and declare that every writer of merit, and surely every black writer of merit, realizes that he will rise or fall entirely according to his response to the person rather than the people. Richard Wright surely understood this, and broke with the Communist party precisely because he was expected to serve the masses in his prose and to abjure the luxury of investigating the person and his singularities. "Politics," he wrote in *American Hunger*, "was not my game; the human heart was my game." All imaginative writers resist the pull of Causes that in their urgency abstract what is personal, and what perhaps runs against the grain of the Cause. It was Baldwin's conclusion in "Alas, Poor Richard," and the evidence supports his conclusion, that Wright "was cruelly caught in this high wind" of Negro spokesmanship, and that his ears "were nearly deafened by the roar" so that he lost the ability to distinguish between distinctions of human pitch, those modulations without which a novelist is reduced to the figure of a pamphleteer.

Or is this distinction fair? In the autumn, 1963 issue of *Dissent*, Irving Howe presented an essay titled "Black Boys and Native Sons," which argued the case on behalf of Wright and against Baldwin and Ellison. I am unfairly reducing a most complex argument, which by no means badly declares that Wright has all the graces and his successors none; but in effect Howe declared that no black man can write honestly or from experience without writing from rage, and brutally. To regard oneself as first of all a writer, or human, seemed, according to this notion, counterfeit. The principal reality of a black writer was his color rather than his calling.

Ellison, as might be imagined, was stung. He declared that he was, after all, only a "minor member" of his race, "not the whole damned tribe." He countered, with passion and logic, that Howe's formulations would deny the black writer access to quirks of character and circumstance—a harelip, a million dollars, homosexuality—more fundamental to that writer than his skin color. He took note of Baldwin's determination to be more than merely a Negro, more than merely a Negro writer.

Well, 14 years after Ellison answered Howe, and a quarter of a century after the publication of *Invisible Man*, Ellison's first novel, we await his

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second. And James Baldwin, the tide of the sixties sucking at his feet, was dragged willy-nilly into the role of Spokesman for his People until, like Wright, he removed himself into a kind of permanent exile in France. But there is no peace for the black writer, no true refuge. No one has the right to demand of Ellison a second novel, his first is God knows a wonder. But one waits, and Ellison must suffer. We are all trapped in this prison of color: Perhaps recollecting the experience of Irving Howe at the hands of Ellison, Richard Gilman argued in the *New Republic*, on the occasion of the appearance of *Soul on Ice*, that white critics had best suspend judgment of black literature. He was wrong: there is no refuge for anyone.

Ellison recollects that Booker T. Washington "described the Negro community as a basket of crabs, wherein should one attempt to climb out, the others immediately pull him back." Oedipus, of course, committed parricide, and he wasn't black. Of course acts committed by black writers are not necessarily peculiar to black writers, but repudiation is so dominant a feature of the black intellectual experience that it invites close attention. In *Black Boy* Wright describes a return visit to his father 25 years after he had last seen him. The old man, once so terrifying to his son, is discovered on sharecropped land by a celebrated writer. The old man is toothless, grinning stupidly, "his eyes glazed with dim recollection. . . . I was overwhelmed to realize that he could never understand me or the scalding experience that had swept me beyond his life and into an area of living that he could never know."

One of the principal charges brought against Wright's best work is that it is enslaved to dogma, that it peddles an ideology, determinist and Marxist. It is surely political, and broadly social in attention, and perhaps it is prescriptive as well, but if it is I do not find it so. More disturbing is Wright's expression of distaste for black people. James Baldwin perhaps overstated the case, but not by much, when he wrote that Wright's "real impulse toward American Negroes, individually, was to despise them." (He calls this an "unmanly" reflex, just as Cleaver would tar him—or whitewash him—with the same brush, and mock his want of manhood.)

In *Black Boy* there is an astounding passage, enclosed in parentheses to suggest its reflective character: ". . . I used to mull over the strange absence of real kindness in Negroes, how unstable was our tenderness, how lacking in genuine passion we were, how void of great hope, how timid our joy, how bare our traditions, how hollow our memories, how lacking we were in those intangible sentiments that bind man to man, and how shallow was even our despair. . . . And when I brooded upon the cultural barrenness of black life, I wondered if clean, positive tenderness, love, honor, loyalty, and the capacity to remember were native with man." And in *American Hunger* he yields to the temporary belief "that perhaps the whites were right, that Negroes were children and would never grow up."

What a fate! To be beaten, humiliated, despised, cast out, and to sense, if only for an instant, that there

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Cleaver: Wright's defender

is merit in the white man's abuse. And then to endure the charge by blacks that one hates his own. No refuge: every black writer is forced with every sentence to take a position. There is no room for trial, and no time. So that Irving Howe managed to back Ralph Ellison into a corner from which Ellison declared that he owed more to the example of Ernest Hemingway than to the example of Richard Wright, which he did not.

There is nothing more poignant in the history of black American literature than this ceaseless denial of origins, this perpetual repudiation or settling of debts. Ellison noticed the violent manner in which Wright turned against his kinsmen, and rightly attributed it in part to the almost unbearable memory a black person suffers as he looks back upon his childhood. (See Baldwin, again and again, on his pinched and terrifying stepfather.) Wright was beaten senseless by members of his family, time out of mind: "There were more violent quarrels in our deeply religious home than in the home of a gangster, a burglar, or a prostitute. . . . I, too, fought; but I fought because I felt I had to keep from being crushed, to fend off continuous attack."

Why, in a world of white savagery, could the black home afford no refuge? It is Ralph Ellison's extraordinary conviction that blacks beat their children from love, to give them "a homeopathic dose of the violence generated by black and white relationships." Thus even care found expression in a kind of sadism, and is it any wonder that Baldwin recognized *Native Son* as stunted, as filling a sexual void with incessant violence? Is it any wonder that Baldwin's own fiction is sometimes defaced by violence? How, given the circumstances of American black history, can any violence be called "gratuitous"?

The miracle is not that black writers repudiate and savage one another. It is that they write at all. In *Black Boy* Wright came finally to understand the lesson beaten into his black hide by people who loved him. The lesson was this: "The safety of my life in the South depended upon how well I concealed from all whites what I felt." To write is to violate that lesson at the greatest imaginable peril, to open oneself to a whirlwind of antagonisms, to be temporarily lionized by white readers willing to drop in for a moment as they pass from novelty to novelty, to be exposed to the deep and enduring contempt of black writers, to suspect oneself of hustling everyone. "The black man," Wright noticed, "grew in turn to hate in himself that which others hated in him." At the time he noticed this, Wright was in Chicago, supporting himself by menial work in a laboratory where experiments were performed on animals. Wright would hold open a dog's jaws as a doctor inserted his scalpel and severed its vocal cords so the beast's misery would not disturb the peace of the people who fiddled with it. The dog would lift its head and "gape in a soundless wail." Only in such silence is refuge, and in such refuge a pain past bearing. Which is, I guess, why blacks have had the strength to write at all about what they know, and what they think they know.

Movies

Over the counter

By Richard Corliss

"Co-opt," critic John Leonard wrote, "is baby talk for corrupt." He wrote this in the late sixties, when any counterculture in politics or the arts existed for about three weeks before being appropriated (or, as the phrase was, "ripped off") by the media and Mad Ave. Do you remember The Last Poets, that group of angry rhetoricians from Spanish Harlem—and how "P.R. Awareness" meant Puerto Rican one minute and Public Relations the next? It got so you couldn't have a campus riot without being hustled for the book and movie rights. Nowadays, of course, there is no counterculture; in fact, there's precious little culture. There's only the counter, over which six-figure deals are made, impulses sour into attitudes, ideas are streamlined for "soft" features on the six o'clock news. You'll find no modern art so obscure that it can't be duplicated on a postage stamp; no slogan so offensive it won't appear on a million T-shirts; no radical so threatening he won't be photographed at home for *People*.

Then again, he might be laundered (or, as the phrase is, "recycled") into a celluloid hero. Two new films turn the co-opting shuck into a low form of canonization: of a militant pacifist Indian (*Billy Jack Goes to Washington*) and a messianic black militant (*Brothers*). A third film, **Between the Lines**, written by Fred Barron and directed by Joan Micklin Silver, examines the process by which the seeds of the underground come to the surface, bloom briefly in the Establishment sun and then are paved over for a conglomerate's parking lot.

The Silver-Barron film has the mood of a cagey comic elegy over the corpse of the sixties—that mythical era when knights in shining outrage went on crusades to rescue fair causes in distress. The scene is the offices and nearby bedrooms of "the *Back Bay Mainline*," a Boston weekly patterned on the *Phoenix* and the *Real Paper*. When we join the half-dozen editorial staff members who form the *Between the Lines* cast of characters, we find them coasting on that sixties momentum, trying to reconcile idealism and professionalism, sexual and office politics, living and making a living. Maybe they don't realize it, but their last juicy chance to Do Something Really Important is coming their way: the *Mainline* is about to be sold to a communications consortium that's more interested in profits than in prophets. Alas, this is the seventies, the decade of the anticlimax; and, like the *Mainline* staff, the movie disintegrates instead of exploding. The new publisher fires the paper's best writer, but by this time the rest of the gang are too laid-back to stand up for what they used to believe in. As the sage says, "Life goes on, bra."

Appealing energy: John Heard (top), Lindsay Crouse (left), Gwen Welles and others in *Between the Lines* are going places

Also like the characters, *Between the Lines* is attractive and often funny, but it hasn't a clue to where it's going. Barron's script keeps suggesting an ultimate confrontation between the staff and the new management, but it never delivers. Indeed, my summary of the film's conclusion errs on the side of clarity: we don't see the writers reacting to the challenge, and we don't see them *not* reacting. The lines of plot and character get blurred, and there's no way to read between them. And Joan Silver shouldn't be allowed to direct children across a busy intersection, let alone a movie with such complicated logistics as this. She has no sense of rhythms within a shot or between shots; she allows characters to change shape without warning or reason; the camera is frequently in the wrong place, so we don't get the needed information in the scene. *Between the Lines* could never have been a great movie, but with a tighter script and a different director, it might have been very good indeed.

But though the script runs out of gas and the direction isn't as oil-slick as it should be, a passel of young, smart-looking actors give the movie a vagrant, appealing energy. John Heard, a handsome, goyish Dustin Hoffman, is Harry, the soul of the film's frayed idealism; Lindsay Crouse, gingerbread-cookie cute, is Abbie, a spunky survivor; and Jeff Goldblum, who looks like the offspring of Farley Granger and Loopy de Loup, is Max, the rap-happy

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rock critic. These performers, and most of the others (Stephen Collins, Gwen Welles, Jon Korkes, Jill Eikenberry), are going places; and *Between the Lines* functions best as a talent scout's paradise. It can be hard for even the most avid moviegoer to see how a critic can have a good time at a film and still pan it; that's because the moviegoer is responding mostly to the story, and the critic to the way the story is told—or, rather, *shown*. So that's why I say: *Between the Lines* is a lousy movie. Go see it.

A United States senator has a heart attack in a Capitol corridor, and out of his briefcase flutters a TOP SECRET envelope containing plans for a nuclear plant that would house "enough plutonium to blow up a city the size of Dayton, Ohio"! Surely this is a case for . . . Billy Jack! And so, through some improbable machinations of his home-state political machine, **Billy Jack Goes to Washington.** Like *Billy Jack* and *The Trial of Billy Jack*, the new movie stars Tom Laughlin (as the half-breed ecologist, champion of the downtrodden, and free-lance martial artist) and Delores Taylor (as Jean Roberts, a combination den mother and earth mother), and was produced by Delores Taylor, written by "Frank and Teresa Christina" (Laughlin and Taylor), directed by "T.C. Frank" (Laughlin) and released by the Taylor-Laughlin Distribution Co. At the sneak preview I attended, somebody else sold the popcorn, but the Laughlins did get up on stage after the screening, to a standing ovation.

These mom-and-pop filmmakers must be doing something right: their last two films grossed $61 million in the U.S. and Canada alone. The new film shows how they do it: by playing emotion (i.e., honesty, commitment and passionate rabble-rousing) against intellect (i.e., sophistry, compromise and the finely honed argument). As it happens, this was the tendency of Frank Capra's classic *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, of which the new Billy Jack film is a fairly close remake. But Capra's direction and Sidney Buchman's original script were models of movie sophistication. The Laughlin-Taylor film is crude and ragged, but it could not be otherwise. To make a stylish, artful movie, with fully rounded characters and matching shots, would seem almost immoral to Laughlin. The message of *BJGTW* is: All Washington is corrupt, from the White House (which has people murdered) through the Congress (which sits on its manicured, bribe-stained hands while one decent man is humiliated and almost ruined) to the press (which is owned by the political-industrial complex). The movie's direction says something else: All Hollywood is corrupt, and only the Taylor-Laughlin homemade style of filmmaking can tell you the truth.

It's hard to say whether the *Billy Jack* spill-the-beans recklessness is sincere or calculated—maybe, as a friend suggests, it's an inseparable blend of the two—but when the movie unfurls its jeremiads against political chicanery, it doesn't deal in the kind of generalities that allow malcontents of every stripe to agree with you. "Freedom of the press belongs to those who can afford the space," Billy Jack tells a reporter who, when she protests that things are different after Watergate, is told, "Carter tried to stop the *Post*, didn't he?" In his harangue on the Senate floor, Billy Jack decries voter apathy in the last presidential primary: "Six or seven percent of the people said we must pick one of these two clowns!" He's got the stridency of Lily Tomlin's shopping-bag lady: he knows he's right and doesn't care who agrees with him. And Laughlin believes that the *Billy Jack* audience will respond to the fervor of the film's denunciations, even if they're challenged to pick fights with him on an occasional issue. It's an appeal that Sylvester Stallone picked up on, and mined into gold, with *Rocky;* and it makes *BJGTW* a heartgrabber of a movie. But where can Billy Jack go, now that he's been a senator? Maybe, in the near future, we'll see a movie that pits two righteous presidential candidates against each other: *Billy Jack Meets Rocky Balboa.*

Okay, George Jackson and Angela Davis never played the Sullivan show. But to judge from **Brothers**, a lightly fictionalized version of their exploits in and around Soledad Prison, you'd think the convict and the professor were Sidney Poitier and Marian Anderson. I don't know all the facts surrounding the case: George may well have been a splendid youth who, on the advice of a white lawyer, pleaded guilty to a crime he didn't commit; was given a one-year-to-life sentence that the authorities kept extending for no justifiable reason; was constantly harassed by the Sadistic White guards and their coconspirators, the S.W. inmates; was sprung from stir by his misguided, idealistic younger brother; was captured and convicted for the deaths of two men who were in fact gunned down by the S.W. police; and was eventually shot down himself after heroically disarming a prisoner who'd been given guns by the most evil S.W. guard. Jackson and Davis may have possessed the human dignity the movie lavishes on them (especially as embodied, nicely, by Bernie Casey and Vonetta McGee)—but they couldn't have been so predictably stolid, so stupefyingly boring, so Mr. and Ms. Black America. And was virtually every white man in their lives a Simon Legree in correction-uniform gray?

It annoys me that the white liberals who made this movie (director Arthur Barron and writer-producers Edward and Mildred Lewis) see whites and blacks in such black-and-white terms. In the late sixties, many white leftists chose to ignore irony and balance (the saving graces of that harried breed) the better to sympathize, ever so earnestly, with the black liberation struggle. But finding beauty in *everything* black and ugliness in *everything* white simply underlined the Humanist Left's condescension and self-hatred; it was the political equivalent of shufflin' and talkin' jive—pathetic. All Barron and the Lewises have done is to fit this played-out pose into the Saturday-matinee conventions of blaxploitation movies, but with the cartoon vitality of those movies watered down with preachy sanctimoniousness. It's the filmmakers' way of telling the black audience: "We're brothers." But what it really says is: "You're children."

The Times Square audience I saw the movie with (I was one of two white people) cheered every time Whitey got his—particularly a prison-movie scene in which the Jackson character gallantly fought back when a white bully convict tried to slap him around. But maybe black moviegoers aren't as impressionable as *Brothers* thinks they are. In the break after the movie, the audience suddenly noticed a tall black man beating up a white boy about 12 years old. The crowd made no move to intervene, but they were clearly on the side of the underdog: the white kid. When the boy continued to stand defiantly (and a little recklessly) by the seat of his oppressor, a man in the audience shouted, "Go get 'im, Tarzan!" The rest of us applauded. Coopters interested in a novelized version of this incident may reach me through *New Times*.

Food

Countercultured milk/By Anna Thomas

A few years ago, the American kefir drinkers could be spotted only in the health food bars of southern California. This clear-eyed, deep-breathing group—habitual imbibers of yogurt and carrot juice—were serenely glugging down a thick new beverage full of flavor and healthful promise, a liquid that left an even heavier map on the inside of a glass than buttermilk.

Before long, though, the plain white gave way to fruit flavors and rosy colors, and kefir got glamour. Sales zoomed along in the slipstream of the yogurt craze. From the land of the lotus eaters, its popularity spread across the country, reaching the east coast about a year ago. Now, kefir drinkers in every state trek into health food stores and ask for their delicious discovery, most of them not knowing quite what it is, nor how to pronounce its name (keh-FEER is correct).

The kefir sold in the United States is actually a cleaned-up version of an ancient, slightly alcoholic, fermented milk drink. The original kefir was made in goatskins by the people of the Caucasus mountains in southern Russia. Their method was simple; they just combined their kefir grains with milk. The grains—pale little nuggets that look like pea-sized cauliflowers or cottage cheese curds—are composed of several bacteria and yeast.

When kefir was produced for commercial marketing in the United States, the alcohol had to go, since U.S. laws prohibit sale of an alcoholic beverage containing yeast. Since an alcoholic kefir is marketed in Europe, state law in New York requires that the nonalcoholic domestic product be sold under a different name. The New York producer has chosen the backward spelling: "Rifek."

Because kefir and yogurt are both cultured milk products, kefir is often mistakenly called liquid yogurt, but its texture and flavor are different enough to pleasantly surprise first-time tasters. The two cultures are actually quite distinct. A yogurt culture is dominated by *Lactobacillus bulgaricus*. A kefir culture contains three kinds of lactobacillus (primarily *L. acidophilus* and *L. caucasicus*, with just a trace of *L. bulgaricus*) and yeast. Because *L. bulgaricus* has an assertive flavor familiar to yogurt eaters, the tiny amount of this bacteria in kefir is enough to provoke an identity crisis.

The presence of lactobacillus is responsible for kefir's health-promoting properties. This "friendly" bacteria makes kefir digestible for people who have a milk intolerance (not to be confused with a milk allergy). The reason is simple: It is the lactose in milk that causes so many people digestive discomfort. In kefir, lactobacilli have already converted the troublesome lactose to lactic acid, so our stomachs are spared the bother.

A number of other claims for the therapeutic value of kefir have been made. Many doctors and dieticians believe that the bacteria in kefir supplement the beneficial natural flora in the digestive tract, helping to keep potentially harmful bacteria under control. At the moment, most people who drink kefir do so because they are hooked on the taste, but those helpful lactobacilli may be aiding their digestion, preventing stomach flu and curing mild cases of either diarrhea or constipation. All this, and glamour too.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARGUERITA

Alta-Dena Dairy, just outside Los Angeles, is the major supplier of kefir in this country. Their production methods are rather more sophisticated than the traditional Caucasian goatskin method. Alta-Dena imports kefir grains from Europe and uses them to make a culture. After the grains are removed, the culture is added to the milk, which is then heated to a specific temperature until it ferments.

For their east coast market, rather than transport the finished product thousands of miles, Alta-Dena ships the culture and fruit concentrates to an eastern dairy, where the fermentation takes place. All the handling raises the price of kefir to about two dollars a quart for the New York consumer, roughly twice the cost in Los Angeles. But kefir fans are undaunted: Alta-Dena can barely keep up with the demand. A decade ago, when they introduced kefir, they cautiously made a few 10-gallon cans at a time. Now, a row of gleaming 1,000-gallon vats is in steady use, and no fewer than seven fruit flavors are offered.

The popularity of kefir is strongly assisted by the yogurtization of America, but home kefir-making, unlike home yogurt-making, is still quite rare. The main reason is that the necessary kefir grains are not commonly available in this country. Furthermore, the kefir-making process, as outlined by Paul Virgin of Alta-Dena, seems rather complicated for home application. Virgin insists that getting the temperature and time right is essential to proper fermentation, and Alta-Dena isn't loose with its secrets.

However, after a long search, an intrepid do-it-yourselfer of my acquaintance managed to get some kefir grains and make the tasty brew with a far more casual modus operandi. According to his testimony, once you have the grains, the rest is simplicity itself. He keeps the grains refrigerated, covered with milk. To make kefir, he strains them out with a sieve, rinses them with water, and adds them to a quantity of fresh milk in a pitcher. He leaves the mixture at room temperature, giving it an occasional stir, and in several hours, voila—kefir. The grains are refrigerated again for future use, and not only do they seem to keep indefinitely, they also obligingly propagate themselves, multiplying as they do their job.

The uses of kefir in cooking are as unlimited as those of yogurt, since the one can be freely substituted for the other in any recipe. Desserts, ice creams, shakes and fruit salads made with kefir are predictably popular, and some say that unflavored kefir makes wonderful, creamy Roquefort salad dressing and a great topping for soup. But all the dressed-up versions can't replace the original. It is as a beverage, fresh, cold and simple, that kefir is lapped up most often by its ever-increasing number of fans. ●

Final Tribute

Cry of the wild/By Mike Edelhart

Our wilderness is dying. We are killing it with love.

With our backpacks and boots, our freeze-dried beef stroganoff and butane stoves, our pup tents and plastic bags, America's nature lovers are swarming over the countryside like an army of recreational ants. The woods groan under the burden of our attention.

As a recent House of Representatives committee report on the failures of the National Park Service concluded: "The guardian of our national parks has, despite its best efforts, seen its resources deteriorate. . . In many instances, the deterioration of our parks may well be irreparable."

Testimony from National Park field officers at the House hearings reads like a dismal eulogy for the idea that land can be both wild and available to the public. Roger Contor, then superintendent of Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado, reported that back-country use in his park has mushroomed 730 percent in ten years. "The degradation of the back-country environment is continuing at an alarming pace," he said.

In the easy access areas of Rocky Mountain, Contor testified, the constant pounding of cars, trucks and huge recreational vehicles has deteriorated the park's main road to the point where accident rates have increased. Short-term patching is no longer enough to maintain the road, and the park can't afford anything else.

Campers—2.9 million of them in 1975—have suffered too. In 1965, one search-and-rescue operation was undertaken in the park. In 1975, there were 52. And crimes—euphemistically dubbed "law enforcement incidents" by the park service—spiralled from 332 in '65 to 1,313 in '75.

The summertime campgrounds at Rocky Mountain are little cities of campers and trailers. Even tents—how quaint!—are rarities in this mobile-home suburb. All the problems of human settlement surface here. The focus is inward, toward the color TVs, the nice couple next door from Buffalo, the rowdy kids and their blaring radios and screaming minibikes. Even if the moose moaned and the coyote howled, no one would hear them.

Reports from other parks play the same sad tune:

- At Glacier Park, Montana, 56 permanent and 273 summer workers had to care for 1.6 million visitors in 1975. In 1963, the park had more workers to handle half as many people.
- At Crater Lake Park, Oregon, overcrowding and understaffing last year resulted in an oversight that led to 1,000 people drinking contaminated water. The park was forced to close for several weeks to avoid becoming a serious public health hazard.
- Virginia's Shenandoah Park, the jewel of the eastern U.S., has streams so polluted that campers have to boil their water. Health levels are far below government standards.

Congress, typially, sees the problem as one of money and size. If the park service gets more money, hires more workers, builds more information huts, more roads, more campgrounds, the problems will

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE DAVIDSON/MAGNUM

decrease. But more construction and development can't bring new life to the national parks. It's just a neatly packaged form of death.

Every square inch of greenery that falls prey to concrete is a little death. Every tree that might have grown and doesn't because of "improvements" made to facilitate human hordes is a little death. Every road that opens up a previously isolated spot to the ravages of the auto-borne invasion of vacationing vandals is a little death.

Many environmentalists and outdoor types see the solution for the parks as one of technique. If we do it right, use the right equipment, eat right, walk right, our impact will be slight.

It may be true, but now, at least, a lot of us are making destructive mistakes. A survey of hikers in the Pacific Northwest revealed that 40 percent washed their dishes directly in streams and 84 percent believed that noncombustible garbage should be buried. Both notions are dead wrong and destructive.

Many hikers find wood fires an indispensable part of the natural experience. But an average one-hour fire consumes 11.5 pounds of wood—wood that might have rotted into food for new plant growth or provided shelter for small animals and important insects. One government report has projected that some 43 million people will be taking hiking trips in the year 2000. Imagine each one of those campers making a fire and you have an awesome vision of destruction. The effect of 43 million woodsmen—no matter how knowledgeable—would still be enormous. It can't be helped. We are not, by our very natures, comfortable creatures of the wild. A little civilization always trickles behind us like a spore.

What a sad paradox! As the objects of our desperate search for release from the pressures of modern existence, our natural areas are doomed to slow strangulation. If only we could ignore them, be satisfied with their mere existence—as wilderness, not as tree-lined playgrounds—they might survive.

But I don't think we have the guts to leave the woods alone, for their good or ours. And I don't think the public back country has a possum's prayer at a coon dog convention of surviving unfettered into a new generation.

I marvel, too, at the tunnel vision of environmentalists who expend all their energy to trap marauding corporate bears while, unnoticed, the ants eat the forest. It wasn't a conglomerate that scratched initials all over age-old rock near the Rainbow Bridge. And it wasn't a huge utility that dumped smelly, unbagged garbage in heaps on the ground around an overflowing trash can in Rocky Mountain. And it isn't just industry moguls who sleep in the offensive, platter-shaped hotel that mars the natural vista in one large section of Tennessee's Great Smoky Mountain Park.

In the words of Pogo, we have seen the enemy and he is us. Yet we don't seem to realize it. We stride down the forest paths and wonder self-righteously, "Who are all those other folks who are messing up the woods?" ●

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